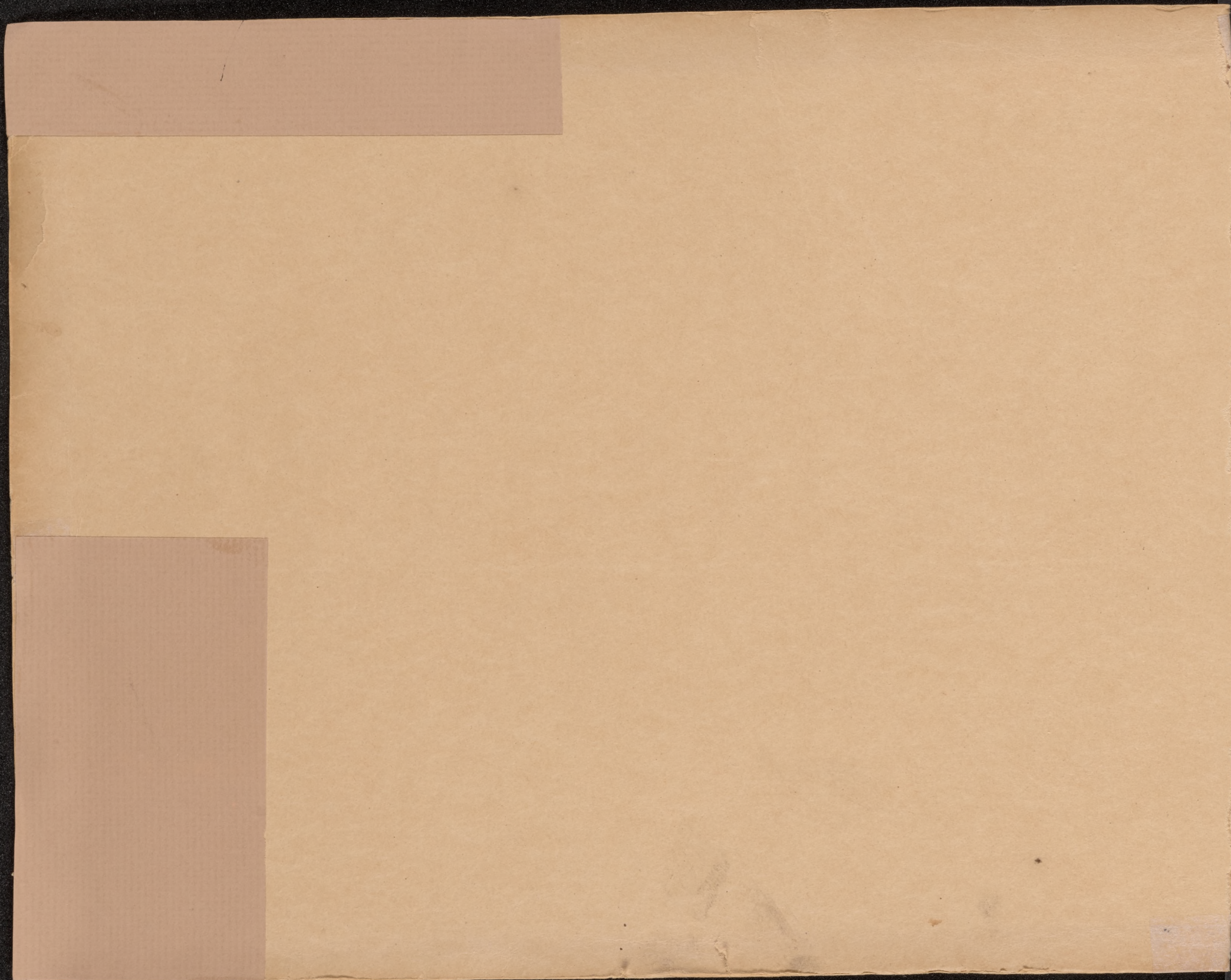




ENTERPRISE

MAY, 1914







The Enterprise

Petaluma, High School

Petaluma, California

May, 1914

To

A. B. May,

a sincere friend and

a helpful advisor

of the Students,

this book is dedicated



A. B. WAY

"According to Our Power"

Faculty

WALTER O. SMITH, Principal.

Ph. B., University of California, 1895.

Graduate Student, 1896-97.

Civics, Mathematics.

MISS NINA L. BEAUCHAMP,

B. L., University of California, 1904.

Commercial Branches.

THOLOW BINKLEY,

A. B., Stanford University, 1910.

Graduate Student, 1912-1913.

Physics, Manual Training.

MISS EMMA F. DANIEL,

B. S., University of California, 1898.

Studied in University of California College of
Medicine, 1898-99.

Science.

MISS EMMA V. HESSE,

B. S., University of California, 1910.

Mathematics, English.

MISS ALICE M. POLLAND,

A. B., University of California, 1907.

Latin.

MISS HELEN C. PRUTZMAN,

A. B., University of California, 1902.

Graduate Student, 1905.

Cogswell Polytechnic College, 1907-8.

English, Vocal Music.

MISS ELSA SCHLUCKEBIER,

B. L., University of California, 1907.

M. L. 1908.

German, Drawing.

MISS ELIZABETH SHAW,

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Domestic Science.

A. B. WAY,

Ph. B., Ottawa University, 1897, A. M., 1905.

Heald's Business College, 1900.

A. B., Stanford University, 1904.

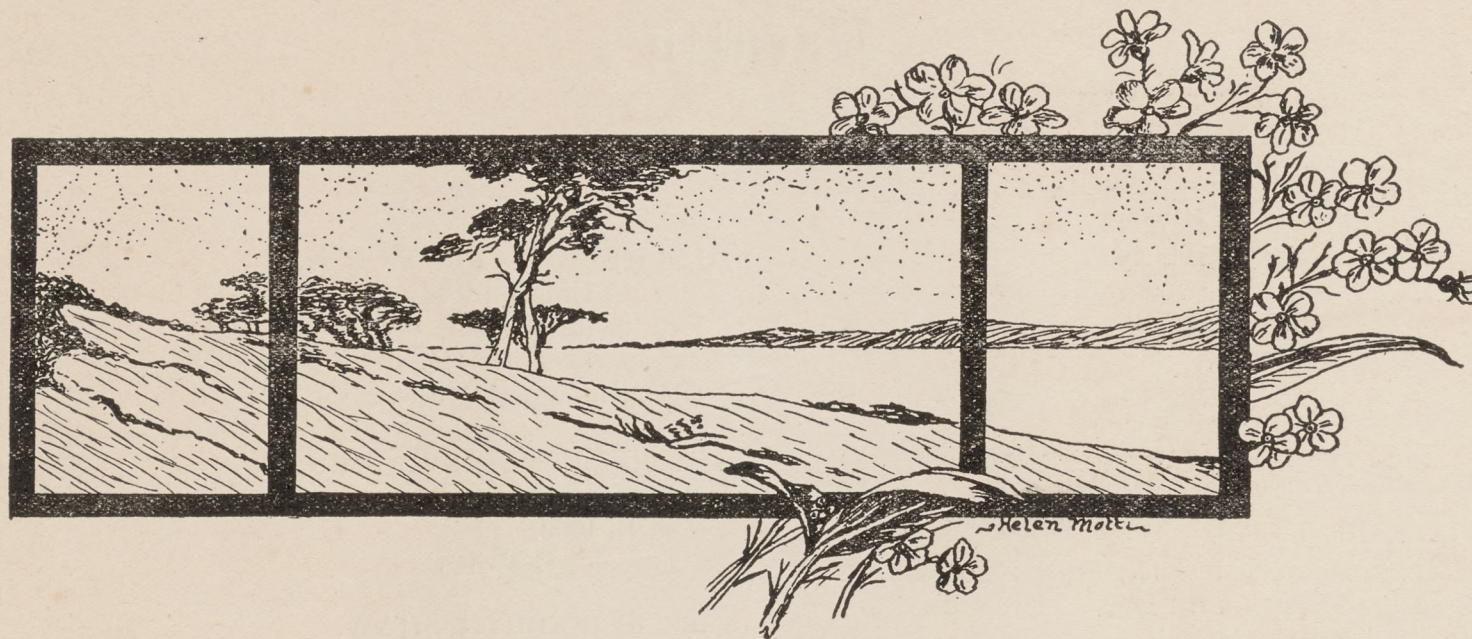
Commercial Branches.

MISS MADGE WOODMAN,

B. L., University of California, 1910.

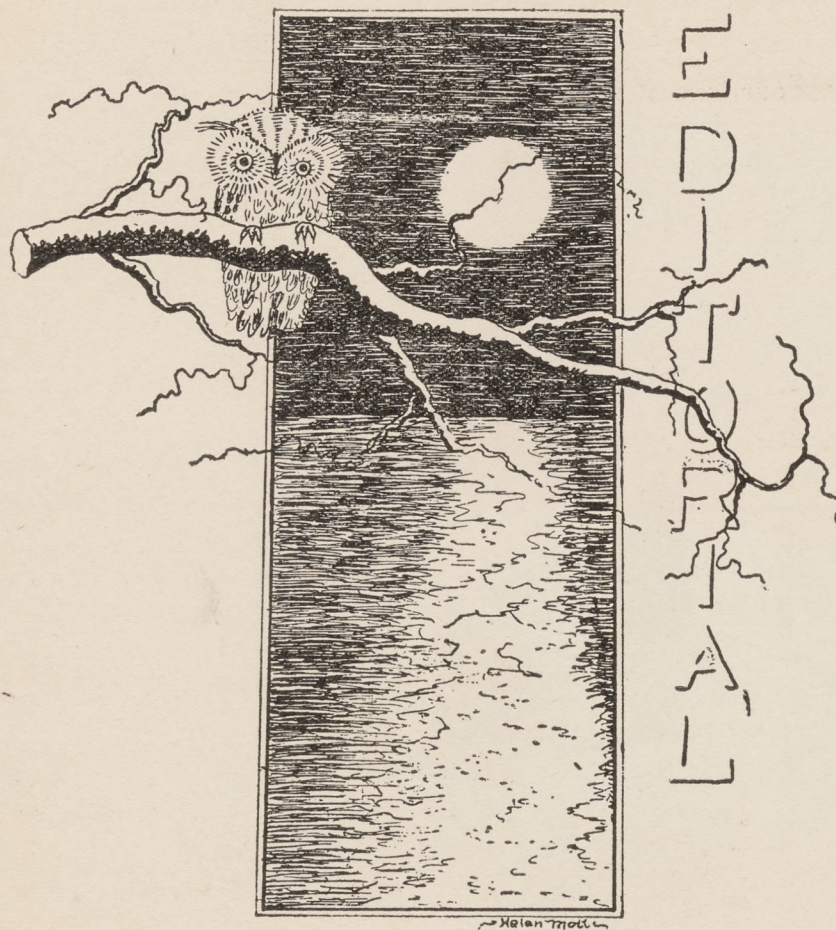
Graduate Student, 1910-1911.

History.



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Helen Mott

FIELD

GREATER enthusiasm has been shown during the past year by the fine spirit in connection with the school affairs and the sportsmanlike attitude toward athletics. We all realize that these two things are important factors in keeping up the good name of the school.

Our athletic activities are thriving and we are well satisfied with the work they are doing and the interest shown in them, but what about a camera club, a reading club, a dramatic club, or, better still, a debating society?

The school should be a social unit and every means of bringing the students together should be encouraged. Our Friday afternoon programs are helping in this direction, but we need something more to provide inspiration and enjoyment for the pupils.

The English classes this term have taken great interest in class debates upon current topics and we believe there is splendid material for a good debating team.

Now it only remains for the organization of such a club under a competent head and then we shall have one more agent in raising the standard of the individual and the school.

Again we have the opportunity to express publicly our gratitude to those students who have aided in the editing of this paper. Although it was not possible to make use of all the material we received we hope that those students whose stories or drawings were not printed will not become discouraged. Continue to assist in putting forth

the school paper for it is by keeping everlastingly at work that success comes. On almost every page of this publication of the journal we are reminded of some assistance received from the faculty. We now extend our sincere thanks, for it has been through their aid that it was possible for the staff to accomplish what it has done. The Commercial Department deserves much credit. Practically all of the material had to be typewritten and this was willingly done by those students under the direction

of Mr. Way. We are very grateful to them and appreciate the interest they have taken in the paper.

The fact that an exchange department is omitted from our journal does not mean that we do not wish to make exchanges with other schools. We wish to thank those schools who have sent us papers this year, for we realize that they have given us many suggestions in the editing of our own paper.





ELZADA GROSS
Editor



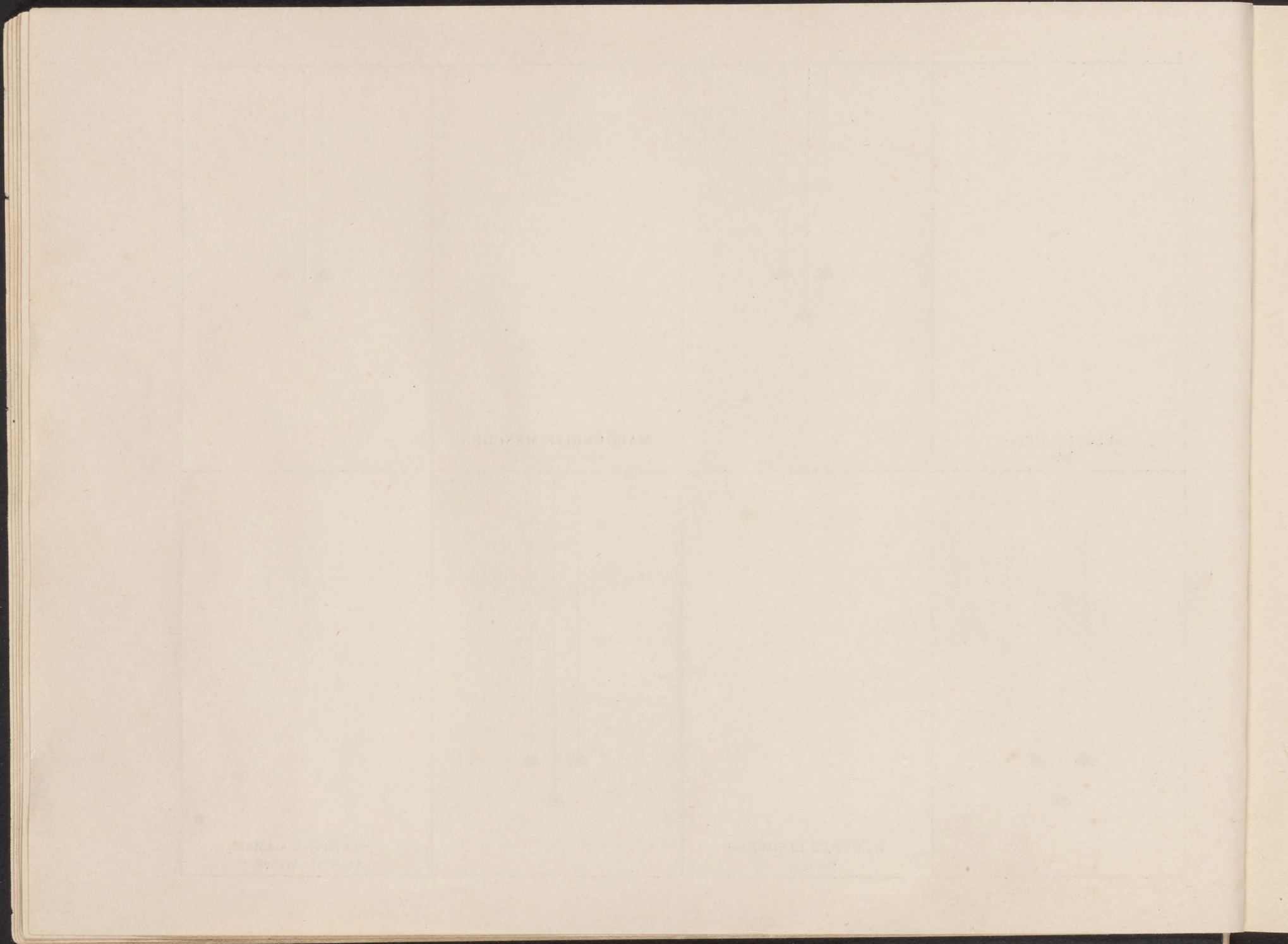
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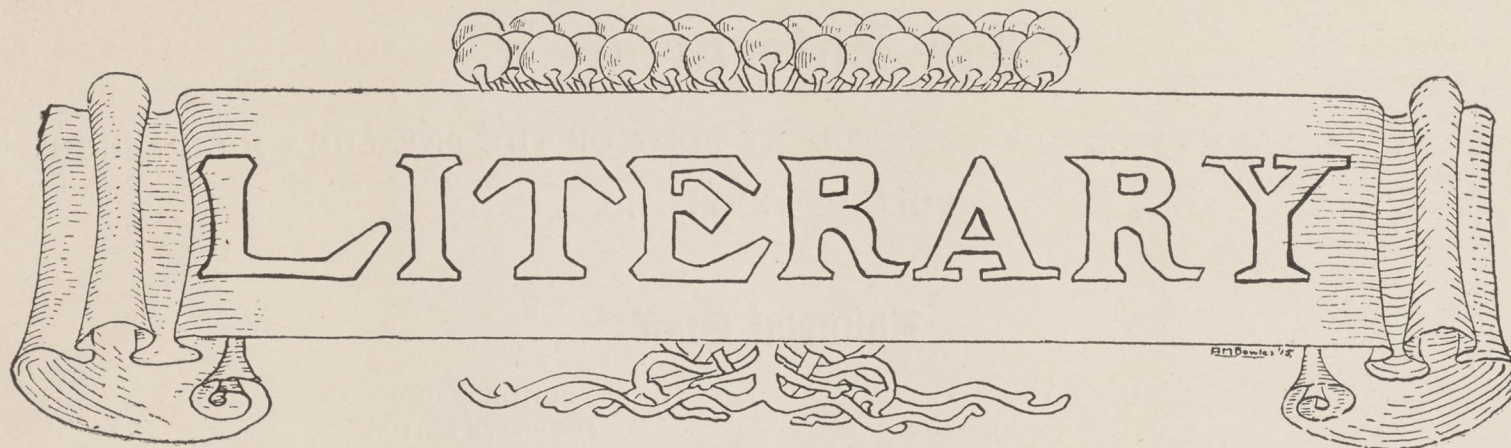
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Death Valley

Two forms staggered over the sandy desert toward the east, the first a tall, slender man, who looked better fitted for an office chair than for travel on the desert, the other a man born to a life on the dry plains.

"One more drink, Jim," Dave pleaded. Jim's answer was a gruff "No!" It was his third refusal and he knew that at the next plea he would have to give in. Half an hour passed and the dreaded request came again. Without a word Jim raised the canteen to the lips of his companion and gave him one little swallow. Then they took up the silent march again.

They had traveled this way for five days. A mule had carried their luggage the first day. The second they carried their food on their backs, leaving picks, shovels,

blankets and the mule, dead from lack of water, behind. On the fourth their coats were thrown aside. A few hours later three six shooters and two cartridge belts were discarded. The fourth gun lay hidden in the shirt of Jim Black. They had traveled in this manner day after day, Dave leading and Jim following. Jim carried their only full canteen.

At times his hand went through the opening in his shirt and rested on the gun. Once it was almost drawn, but in the end it was still resting in its place below his heart. When the thought first came to him he put it aside as foolish, but now, "If I could only shoot him now and end it all." He impatiently thrust the idea aside. No; the millions of hidden wealth which they had discovered would be enough to put them both on velvet for the rest of their days. But he wanted it all, not to share with this

man whom he considered a weakling. It was easy, one shot, a story of the sand storm which had separated him from his companion, to tell the miners at the nearest stop, and all would be over. No one would doubt his word. Tragedies were common on the desert.

His hand was on the gun and starting to draw it out. He thrust it back again, telling himself that he must wait until the mountain could be seen plainly. He remembered what conquerors of the desert had told him, that a man alone on the desert went crazy in a short time. He would wait. The sand and sun would remove traces of the shooting near the mountains as well as here. He looked at his companion, saw his back was turned, then took a long swallow of water from the canteen. This was not the first time he had done this. It was happening every few hours.

An hour dragged slowly by. The pleadings of Dave for water became worse. He shook the canteen. It could not be more than half full. Dave turned, he had heard the splash of the water and began to beg for just one drop. Jim put his right hand in his shirt, looked at the distant mountains, then withdrew his hand. He was taking a big risk in losing his partner now. He looked

at the face of the man before him. "The water will last," he thought and poured a few drops down the throat of Dave. He still begged for more, but the canteen was closed and they staggered on. Another hour passed, his legs had lost all feeling, being forced forward at each step like those of a drunken man. Still he kept up his courage, thinking of the gold that would be his when he reached civilization.

He raised his eyes to the east. What he saw made him start. He rubbed his eyes with his rough hands and looked again. It was still before him. There was no mistake—a low ridge of rocks, which gradually grew higher farther away, lay before them. He looked more closely. Was it a water fall he saw? There could be no doubt of it; the sun made the water glisten as it fell and he thought he could hear the splash.

A puff of smoke and Dave fell forward, shivered and then lay still. Jim stepped up and leaned over him, putting his hand to Dave's heart. Yes, it was a good shot, but now for the mountains and wealth. He rose and turned. A cry of despair escaped him. The mountains had vanished.

A. PENN, '14.



When Greek Meets Greek

"Won't you give us one more year to pay the mortgage, Mr. Dennis?" The question was asked by a young girl, not more than nineteen, of a stern old lawyer.

"No; not one year nor one day longer. You took the mortgage for three years and the time is up Friday. I'd be poor soon enough if I went on extending the time one year after another."

"But it will be impossible for us to raise the money in so short a time. If we had one more year we could do it, for we have a good grain crop and our fruit trees are bearing heavily. We would be willing to pay a higher per cent of interest."

"That sounds well enough now, but when the year is up it will be the same old story. I've dealt with women before and I know them. I get paid the \$500 on Friday or I take the place. See?"

Malina did not see. How could she see five hundred dollars in less than a week? She did see that it would be useless to talk any longer, so she rose and stepped to the door, but before opening it turned to see whether Mr. Dennis' face had changed its expression. No, it was the same stern, hard face.

As the door closed behind her, Mr. Dennis turned on his stool. On his face there was a smile that indicated the absolute satisfaction of having made some one less fortunate than himself miserable. The smile broadened to a grin and then to a laugh. "Ha, ha! I have'm in a pinch now. Never wait too long for a good thing! I have waited for this for three long years. I knew when they mortgaged the place that they could never pay it. That

mite of a girl raise five hundred dollars in a week! She's as proud as she is poor, though." This last statement made him feel a bit uncomfortable.

Malina, on the other hand, was downcast and worried. On the way to the office she had been so happy. She was sure Mr. Dennis would allow them another year. She had been so sure that she had actually counted the bushels of grain and pounds of fruit the place would yield. Now she was equally sure that Mr. Dennis was a hard old lawyer and that she would have a bitter struggle to raise the money. Before she realized it she had reached the crossroads about one mile from her home. One road led directly to her home, the other to a little wood. She stopped for a moment to decide which one to take. Would she go home? No. It would not be worth while to face her own thoughts. She decided on the one that led to the wood. Many times when a child she had run there to settle her little troubles and talk over to herself her little heartaches. Perhaps it held the same comfort for her today as it had then; she would try.

The day was perfect. It was warm, but there was just enough breeze to make one feel comfortable. Malina walked on, heedless of the trees that swayed in the gentle breeze; of the birds who sang their very newest and brightest songs; of the little rabbit that crossed the road in front of her; of the petals of the wild cherry trees that fell like flakes of snow at her feet and of the grasses and flowers that nodded and bowed as she passed over them. Any other day she would have noticed these things, but today she saw nothing but the scene at Mr.

Dennis' office and heard nothing but his threat to turn them out.

On reaching a familiar spot she sat down. Where would she get five hundred dollars? "If father had lived we would not be in this fix." Her father had died five years ago. He had been a good business man and at his death had left his wife and child a prosperous business, a home, one or two small ranches and a good sized bank account, but his wife had a poor head for business and in the course of a year or so had squandered all except the home and had run heavily into debt. Three years ago they had mortgaged the home for five hundred dollars to pay the debts and now the time was up. "Did Mr. Dennis really mean to turn them out?" Malina was now talking half aloud. "Well, he may mean to all right, but he won't if Malina Mellberg can prevent it." Turned out! What a meaning those two words held. "Friday, five hundred dollars, Mr. Dennis, mortgage, turned out," made a sad jumble in Malina's poor brain. "How much easier it would be if I could tell mother all and not have her give up so easily, and make everything doubly hard for me. Where will I get five hundred dollars in a week? Not here, that's certain." That much settled, she rose, shook the wrinkles from her dress, pinned on her hat and started homeward.

Her home was a little shingled bungalow, set back from the road in the midst of blooming fruit trees and as it came in view Malina loved it more than she had ever before. The violets that bordered the walk from the gate to the front door filled the air with their perfume, and the clover lawns had a sweeter fragrance than ever. She even loved the big bees that buzzed over the clover blossoms gathering honey.

Mrs. Mellberg stood at the gate waiting for Malina. In her every action, as she stood there, dependence and helplessness were written. She was a decided contrast to the daughter who was approaching. She had a firm expression about the eyes and mouth; she was her father's child.

Malina greeted her mother, slipped her arm through her's and walked to the house. They sat down on the porch and some minutes passed before either of them spoke. Malina was trying to mould words to tell her mother of her experience and her mother was waiting for her to speak. Mrs. Mellberg broke the silence.

"Did you see Mr. Dennis?"

"Yes."

"What did he say?"

The conversation of the morning was repeated. "And now, mother," added Malina, "you must help me think of a way to get the money." The sentence was barely completed when Mrs. Mellberg, as Malina had anticipated, broke down. She walked the floor and wrung her hands.

"Brace up, mother; we won't get anything accomplished if you carry on like this."

"I can't help it. Oh, what shall we do?"

After pacing up and down the length of the porch several times she fell in a swoon. Malina had another problem at hand now, besides the mortgage. She ran to her mother's side, bathed her face with cold water to revive her, helped her to her room and laid her on the bed, where she comforted her as best she could until she fell asleep.

While Malina had been attending her mother an oft-repeated request made by an aunt before she had died kept coming up before her. "Be careful of my trunk and don't do away with anything that is in it."

The trunk belonged to Malina's aunt, her father's only sister, who had made her home with them for many years. She had been a strong minded old lady, who had had no great opinion of her sister-in-law, and had died leaving her not one cent of her hoard, which was thought to be considerable. The question was where she had left it? She had made no will. One thing she had said was, that if Mrs. Mellberg ever had sense enough to make over the clothes in the trunk she could. After her death a thorough search had been made of the house, but nothing had been found. The old trunk had been searched time and time again without success, and at this time it had passed out of the minds of everyone.

The thought of the trunk haunted Malina as she busied herself about the room. "There's no use in looking through that trunk again," she argued with herself. "I've hunted and hunted and never found anything but old clothes and moth balls." Argue as she would the trunk finally got the better of her. "Well, while mother is sleeping, I'll just go up there and look around. It won't hurt the old things to get turned over and have a breath of fresh air."

Upstairs she went and knelt before the trunk. "Here's a black silk dress Aunt Elsie must have worn sometime before the war. There's enough cloth in that to make a dress for every woman in town, I believe." She put that dress aside and picked up another. "Her's one that my great grandmother must have worn. There was a fortune spent in getting the cloth for those two dresses alone. This is a walking suit and this, oh yes, that is Aunt Elsie's graduation dress. That was worn about forty years ago. It looks as if it might fit me. Guess I'll try it on." By this time she had forgotten what she was searching the trunk for and thought only about the dress.

When she had it on she stepped to the glass to view it. "There now, that looks pretty fine, I'm sure. Just a little short in the sleeves and the skirt could be a bit longer. I'll make short sleeves, take out some of the fullness, lower the hem and it will be splendid." No sooner said than done. She took a knife and rip, rip, rip went the threads. She had not ripped more than about a foot of the hem when something fell out. She stooped over and to her amazement found a hundred dollar bill. She ripped on and bills kept falling out. "So this is the reason Aunt Elsie wanted us to be sure and keep her trunk. Who would have thought to rip up an old dress to find a fortune? Now, that I have the secret, I'll just rip some more." Rip she did and with the same success.

Gathering up the money and dresses she ran downstairs, three steps at a time, all excitement. Her heart beat so fast and thumped so hard that she held one hand over her mouth to prevent its escape. "Mother, oh mother! Look! Come quick! I've found—" When she entered the room her mother was sitting up, dazed from the sudden awakening.

"Is the house afire, Malina?" she whimpered.

"No, indeed, but just look here. I found it in Aunt Elsie's trunk. I tried this dress on and it was too short, so I opened the hem and this fell out and then I ripped the hems of a few more and kept finding more. I guess we'll have enough to pay that mortgage with now."

Friday night came with Mr. Dennis on hand. There never was, before or after, in the town of Auckland, a more surprised or disappointed man than was Mr. Dennis when Malina handed him the five hundred dollars with one year's interest and requested him to sign the mortgage paid and the agreement closed.

RUTH C. ANDERSON.

Augeamus

As, at dawn, the softest whispered chirping,
When the early crimson tints are glowing,
All the stillness of the air usurping,
Faint at first, but slowly louder growing,
Swells until the melody o'erflowing
Bursts from every throat with animation,
Joining nature's mighty orchestration;

So, as onward years go swiftly fleeting,
Sweeter may the memory returning
Of the happy days so fast retreating,
Of high hopes all opposition spurning,
Of deep friendships in our bosoms burning,
Daily grow and fill our hearts with pleasure
At our faith requited to the fullest measure.

As a brooklet gently onward flowing,
Over stones and fallen branches splashing,
Ever bit in volume growing,
Over waterfall and boulder crashing,
Through deep valleys, smiling woodlands dashing,
Gains at last a calm majestic motion
Sweeping forward proudly to the ocean;

May our friendship thus for one another,
Growing ever from a warm affection
To the love of toiler for the brother
Of his labors, surely find direction
From the author of our high election
Gaining rest, at last, in love eternal
When life's twilight melts today supernal.

THEO. A. PELOQUIN.

Business is Business

"Well, Nancy," said Eben, after he had smoked thoughtfully for several minutes, "I been athinkin'. T'oday when I tuk them sheep to Beanville I stopped at the hotel an' I got atalkin' to one o'them there real estate men that's sellin' lots 'tother side o' Beanville. He says to me, says he, 'Business is business.' An' he's right, I been athinkin'."

"Well, nobody ain't said—" started Nancy.

But Eben went right on: "He says we oughta be makin' a sight o' money off this old farm, an' here we be, Nancy, gettin' along from day t' day, never savin' up for—well, we ain't old yet, but—System—yes, system's the word that man used, an' he says that's what we gotta have to make things run right, an' everything 'round has gotta have its place an' do its work. He's right, I been athinkin'; he's right, Nancy."

"Out with it, Eben! Out with it!" Nancy eyed her husband sharply. "I know y' got a scheme of some kind. Y' may's well tell me first as last. Land sakes, when will you stop gettin' them notions in your head? Somebody has always gotta put an idee in yer head that you ain't never thought of, and then—mercy! I'm fergettin' to feed the cats."

Eben sat alone and smoked in silence while his wife fed seven noisy cats. She scolded them and petted them and her voice came in clear and sharp to Eben. "Well," he said to himself, "I'm goin' t' have my way for once now, no matter what Nancy says."

"Now, you can tell me, Ebenezer Perkins, what yer

grand scheme is. What is it yer aplannin' to do now?" Nancy demanded when she returned.

"Well, as I was asayin', I been athinkin' that that there man was right, and as I rid home I thought that we may's well try a plan. Now, old Dolly out there in the barn—she ain't adoin' no good noways, only eatin' her head off. She's too old for plowin', an'—I might get rid o' her to Parks; he buys old horses to take to Westfield. An', Nancy, can you tell me why we must have seven cats alayin' 'round adrinkin' all the milk that we may's well sell? Tom's plenty to catch all the mice there'll ever be around here. Them cats I could easy get rid of, an' then there's Don, an' Prince, an' Tan, an' Rover, an' who says one dog ain't enough to watch this house? Now, them dogs could be sold in Beanville easy, an' then—business is business, an' we gotta run this farm accordin' to that rule. Lord, Nancy! We'll be hand over fist in money next year. Economy—that's what we want."

"Eben Perkins, I'm surprised! Sell, old Dolly that we had so long? Eben, don't y' remember the day we was married we drove up here an' everything was new an' slick and Dolly so young and frisky-like? She's worked for us many a long year, Eben, an—no! y' can't do it. An' for them cats an' dogs—we had 'em a long time now and they're such comp'ny, too, when you're gone in the daytime. Besides, Bessie, the darlin', just loves 'em all."

Eben was not to be moved. His wife decided to say no more about it and allow him to carry out his own plans.

Accordingly, the next day Eben started out for Beanville with Dolly tied on the back of the wagon and the six cats in a box on the seat. The dogs were put into the wagon and tied. Nancy stood at the door grimly watching the menagerie leave, and when they were out of sight she slammed the door with a vicious bang and returned to her work.

No more was said of the plan for a while, Eben wisely choosing to keep his silence and Nancy knowing that time alone would prove she was right.

Saturday was a great day at the Perkins' farm, for on that day little Bess, their only grandchild, came with her mother from Westfield to stay over Sunday. With her smiling face and cunning ways Bess ruled the household and there was nothing on earth that her grandparents wouldn't do for her.

"I guess I'll see Dolly now," she said as she slipped her tiny hand into her grandfather's big one. "Dolly likes sugar, too"—and she smiled up at the old man.

"Come along, Honey, come along."

Once at the barn Bess impatiently refused to have anything to do with Jack or Pet and the farm horses. It was Dolly that she wanted and finally, when Eben explained that Dolly was "all gone," she pouted and ate the sugar herself rather than to give it to one of the other horses.

Eben glanced uneasily at the back porch where the cats had been accustomed to sleep in the sunshine. Bess tugged at his hand impatiently. "Come, kitty—come, kitty," she called, and when no cats appeared she called again.

Then grandpa was obliged to explain that the kitties also were "all gone." Bess was surprised and puzzled and poutingly declared she guessed she'd go home, but another thought struck her. Of course, she'd go and play with Don or Tan or Prince. Hesitating, Eben told her that her old playmates were "far, far away." Now he was sure that he saw a shining little tear making its way down her rosy cheek.

Poor Eben could stand no more. "Run into your mother, child," he told her.

Eben's look of care and trouble deepened visibly hour by hour—first, because Bess avoided him, and second, because he thought he saw that Nancy was entering into his economy plan—much to his discomfort. There had been no thick cream for his coffee that morning, for Nancy had said grimly, "Business is business, and the cream can be sold." For lunch he hadn't enjoyed his apple pie at all, for he dared not ask for cream to put on it. And no telling how far Nancy would carry it. Besides—she was beginning to wear that fatal expression which meant certain defeat for anyone it was aimed at.

When Eben went to town next morning Nancy noticed that he took along a good sized box and some rope, but she said not a word. A few hours later Eben returned with the old horse tied on to the back of the wagon, which fairly exuded barks and meows. Little Bess stood on the steps laughing and clapping her hands, but through the hubbub Eben heard a faint murmur from Nancy's direction that sounded very much like "I told you so."

A. M. M., June, '14.

Pride Goeth Before a Fall

Mr. Benjamin Colquhoun sat in the morning room reading his paper and waiting impatiently for his wife and his breakfast. The door opened and Mrs. Benjamin Colquhoun made her appearance. "Really, my dear," fumed Mr. C., "I do wish you could manage to appear a little earlier. Here it is eight o'clock and I've got to be up town at nine and I haven't had my breakfast yet. I—"

"All right, Jinks, dear, never mind, I'm here now, so you may as well begin and save time." "Jinks" thought so, too, by the way his breakfast began to disappear. Suddenly the door was pushed violently open and in walked Tommy, Mr. Benjamin Colquhoun's son and heir, exclaiming:

"Oh, I say, dad, there's been another robbery. Stiliger's jewelry store, you know, right around from ours. I say, you know, you'd better keep a few detectives around and ask the policemen to keep special watch, else ours'll be the next, you wait and see if it isn't!"

"Pooh! Pooh! Nonsense, Thomas. I know how to look after my own business. I keep my eyes and ears open; I don't mope around with one eye shut like Old Stiliger. I flatter myself that it would take a mighty smart chap to walk over me. He'd have to get up pretty early in the morning. Just leave it to me. Well, good-bye, I'm off. Don't expect me home for luncheon." So saying Jinks left the family circle and made his way up town.

Arrived at the store he took a casual look around, then

seated himself at his desk. About three o'clock a portly clergyman came in and said he wanted to buy a wedding present, something good.

Jinks brought forth a succession of diamond brooches and so on, but the clergyman couldn't seem to make his choice. He asked Jinks if he might take several and let the lady choose for herself.

"Well, sir, we usually ask some security, you see." Just then the door opened and in walked another clergyman, at sight of whom the would-be purchaser ran to him, exclaiming:

"My dear Scarlett, is it really you? How delighted I am to see you!"

"Why, Nugent, my dear boy, how perfectly delightful," etc., etc.

"I'm buying a wedding present for my niece and the jeweler here was just demanding security or that I establish my identity, before he would trust me with these articles," said Nugent.

"I'll identify or vouch for you, old boy!" said Scarlett.

"That's all right, sir," put in Mr. Colquhoun hurriedly. "I didn't know you were Bishop Nugent, sir. Certainly, sir, you may take the things."

"Very well; just wrap them up and I'll take them with me," said Nugent.

"Er, I wanted to get something in the shape of dia-

monds, too; something good, you know, for my wife's birthday," said Scarlett.

So Jinks, in high good humor over a prospective haul, brought out the best diamonds in his possession. Scarlett had the same difficulty as Nugent and made the same request, to take them on approval. Just then a police inspector rushed in. In a twinkling Scarlett and Nugent were handcuffed and the inspector had said:

"I arrest you in the name of the law for the robbery of Stiliger's jewelry store. Anything you say will be used as evidence against you. I'll trouble you, sir (turning to Jinks), to come along and to bring those things (pointing to the parcels) as evidence of intended crime."

The terrified Jinks mutely obeyed and soon Jinks, Scarlett, Nugent and the inspector were seated in the Black Maria and being driven rapidly away. Suddenly Jinks felt a crushing blow on his head and knew no more.

When next he awoke to consciousness he was aware of two things—that it was dark, and that he had a splitting headache. He felt for his watch to see the time—it was gone. He looked at his hands—they were bereft of the costly rings that had erstwhile adorned them. Memory came rushing back and he saw that he was still in what appeared to be the Black Maria, but he was the only occupant. Cautiously he made his way out. Away in the distance twinkled the lights of the city. The horses were gone. Jinks looked miserably up and down the road and then started on his lonely walk to the nearest police station. The sergeant was incredulous, but was finally induced to believe his story. The efforts of the police were of no avail and Scarlett, Nugent, the inspector, and the driver are probably still laughing over the thought of Jinks in the Black Maria.

GLADYS CORRY, '15.



The Road to Arrady

On a certain glorious afternoon, when the sun shone down from a cloudless sky and the breeze came softly laden with the perfume of wild flowers and blossoming fruit, I wandered forth in search of poppies.

Leaving the outskirts of the town I tramped on and on, now pausing to gaze upward to watch the flight of some wild bird whose thrilling notes were borne to me out of the clear blue sky, now stopping to note the delicate tracery of some leaf or fern whose shadow fell across my pathway. All about me stretched fields of poppies, flaunting their golden cups before my admiring gaze. Eagerly I began to gather the long stemmed beauties, until my arms fairly ached with their load.

Tired in body I sank down under the shade of a tree and closed my eyes on the dazzling scene about me. Scarcely had I done so when a light touch fell on my arm and a low voice spoke a name. Startled, I opened my eyes to find a stranger looking down upon me. His coloring, eyes, hair and dress all bespoke the Spanish gentleman. Puzzled, I remained absolutely silent.

Again he addressed me and by a name certainly not my own, "Why do you linger here, my dark-eyed Spanish maiden? All are gathered at the Hacienda and eagerly await your coming." With a rare smile and a low bow he assisted me to arise.

Now deeply mystified I replied, "But I am not a Spanish

maiden and I know of no Hacienda. I came forth to gather poppies. See!" and I looked down at my feet, where my harvest of flowers had been. But there were no flowers there. Then brushing my hand across my eyes I looked about me. Gone were the scenes upon which I had closed my eyes. The sun, too, had disappeared and twilight had fallen. A glorious moon hung low in the heavens. The air was heavily laden with the perfume of rare flowers and shrubs.

Again my companion spoke a name; this time it sounded strangely familiar. "Come," he said, "my guests await us."

"But my dress."

"Ah!" he replied, "was ever one more beautiful?" Glancing down I was indeed struck by the beauty of my costume. Again my companion said "Come," and I did not hesitate.

Passing up the wide pathway we came to the court, where we paused a moment beside a fountain, whose waters fell in beautiful cascades. Leaning over I gazed at my reflection in the deep pool. The vision was most pleasing—a dark-eyed Spanish maiden smiled up at me from its depths. Her costume from the lace mantilla to the very soles of her daintily shod feet was perfect in every detail. Surely this was real.

We passed on into the Hacienda. A stately dame came

forward to meet us. "Why do you linger?" said she, "Your guests await you."

"Forgive us," my companion answered. "I found her dreaming by the way and—" "And I am now joyously awake!" I cried. Together we passed into the ball room and were at once the center of an animated group.

Soon the strains of music were heard, my companion claimed me and the dance began. And such dancing—men and maidens seemed to float through space.

One after another came up to claim a dance, and the hours flew swiftly past.

Again he who had brought me there came and together we sought the moonlit garden, where laughing couples strolled here and there.

Presently my companion said, "Let us go to the bridge over the brook. Do you not remember our old rustic seat?" Yes, I remembered, and we strolled out of the garden into a path that lay through scented woods. Following it we soon came to the bridge and found the rustic seat.

Here we lingered looking down into the stream whose waters glistened here and there in the moonlight.

We talked of Spain's glorious past, of the part our own ancestors had played in it, and of our hopes for our country's future. After a while I suggested that we return to his guests. Reluctantly he arose and turning to me

said, "We will return, but another time we will come and talk not of our country's glorious past, nor yet of its unknown future, but of ourselves. There is much I must say to you of—" The sentence remained unfinished; there was a sudden shaking of the bridge and before I could cry out it collapsed, and I found myself falling, falling, falling down.

After a period of oblivion I came to myself, opened my eyes, and looking around for my companion. Alas! he was not there. Slowly I arose and gazed about me. Where was the bridge, the path, the garden, the beautiful Hacienda? Gone! all gone! and above all the handsome Spaniard. Around me lay vast poppy fields. The sun was low in the heavens, at my feet lay a great armload of poppies, now sadly withered. "Then," said I, "I am no dark-eyed Spanish maiden in a beautiful costume, floating through the maze of the dance on the arm of a Spaniard, or listening to low tones and broken sentences on a bridge over a moonlit stream, but a plain American girl and a school girl at that."

Slowly I gathered up my treasures and started home. "Ah! well!" thought I, "there is a long road ahead of me called life; just around that curve are other vast poppy fields. I may again wander forth to gather them, again fall asleep to open my eyes upon "castles in Spain," from which there will be no rude awakening.

B. W. D., '17.

The Construction of the Marconi Wireless Station

On the shores of Tomales Bay, in a beautiful spot one mile from Marshall, is built the plant of the Marconi Wireless. Little did people ever think that a wireless would be built in that vicinity, but in February of 1913 the Marconi people showed themselves and bought about twelve hundred acres of fine dairy land from a prominent Marshall dairyman. This place fronts on Tomales Bay for about a mile, on which, in a beautiful spot, the Marconi built their plant. People would be surprised to see what they have accomplished in just one year's time.

On March of that year with a few hired helpers they broke the ground for their roads with plows, scrapers or any other thing that could be used. After this they hired many men and teams and started to work on the hotel and towers. It was impossible to accommodate all of these people in this vicinity, so the Marconi people hired a cooking and lodging department, called a commissary. All the people working on this construction were compelled to board and lodge there.

Meanwhile the towers and buildings were going forward. One would first observe a massive hotel built of concrete with tiling roof. It would take too long to describe the construction of it, but it is built of steel with cement walls and pillars and finished inside with polished oak. There are about forty rooms in this structure. Much labor and material have been furnished by Petaluma peo-

ple and firms. Northwest a short distance from the hotel are built two beautiful concrete, tile-roofed cottages, which are to be occupied by the superintendents who will oversee the operating of the wireless plant. On a cliff back of the two cottages they built their operating building of concrete with tiled roof overlooking Tomales Bay and the Pacific Ocean, "A most beautiful sight."

Back of the operating building in a southeasterly direction are built what are called masts, seven in number. They are three hundred feet high and are tied with cables to an anchor cemented on the ground. It was a fine sight to see these big masts built, as they were put up in half sections of ten feet long; these sections were hoisted up by a donkey engine to men who were in a square cage and did the bolting, placing and tying of the cables. On the top of these masts are stretched two lines, which are called aerial lines. In a northern direction from the operating building are built so far six steel towers, also constructed of steel sections, somewhat on the plan of a windmill tower. These are one hundred and twenty-five feet high and are used as balancing lines. South of the hotel they have built a concrete, tile-roofed power house, where they generate their electricity, and also a heating system to supply all of their other buildings. Their work is drawing very close to a finish and the wireless plant will soon be in operation.

C. MAGGETTI, '16.

The Treasure

"If we could only find a big rock, it would be the greatest joke I ever heard of. Won't it be sport to see Uncle George dig?"

"Of course we can find a rock. You don't suppose there's a seashore without a rock near by, do you? Get that paper out and let's look at it once more. We may have a chance to bury it later this evening."

The two boys, Ned and Roy, who were speaking in low tones, were walking some distance behind the covered camp wagon on the way to their annual place of camping. This camping place was near the coast at the edge of a great pine forest, solemn and full of murmuring voices. Pastures filled with birches, which gleamed silvery in the shades of the summer evening, stretched to the one side, while on the other a little river almost hidden by trees leaped and rushed on to the seashore less than half a mile away.

Ned opened a small, hardwood box, bound with iron bands. The corners of the box had been tipped with iron, as could be seen in one or two places; but the whole thing was so covered with rust, shells, and sand hardened into stone that it was difficult to tell of what it was made. Plainly, the box had been buried in wet sand on the seashore for many years. It contained a folded sheet of parchment every bit as old and worn as the box itself. On the center of this parchment three lines were drawn, and beneath this in a half-illegible hand the following directions were written: "From the Great Rock to the

Eastward, twelve paces. To the North, four paces, There Digge."

"Isn't that great!" Roy exclaimed under his breath. "If I found that I'd spend half my life looking for the 'Great Rock;' and the other half digging. It will set Uncle George crazy."

"I saw it in that curiosity shop in Broadway a dozen times, but it just struck me when we were getting ready for this trip. There's the thing to play a little joke on Uncle George with, so I bought it," answered Ned.

"I tell you how we will do it," said Roy. "We'll slip out tonight and run down to the beach when the tide is out, and bury it in the sand with one corner sticking out, so they will be sure to find it in the morning. The tide will wash our footprints and all the marks of our digging away."

"That's it exactly," Ned whispered.

When the boy's attentions turned to the wagon again they found that they were being watched by their two sisters. They were at a loss as to what to do, but finally decided to tell them their plans, and make the girls promise to keep the secret and not even tell their mother. They succeeded, as all were ready to see a joke played on Uncle George.

Their father and uncle were riding upon the front seat with the driver. Their uncle was a wealthy man with so little to do that he devoted almost his entire time to the

collection of antiques, so the boys knew their plan would work to perfection.

They succeeded in finding a large rock near the shore and in burying the box unnoticed. The next morning they sat on the hillside and slyly watched the two men walking up the beach. Uncle George discovered the corner of the half hidden box. He dug it up in triumph, opened it, read part, and rushed back to the tent, where with the open parchment in his hand he shouted, "Stir up lively, boys! There's a find! From the great rock to eastward, twelve paces," he read. "There's the rock. Get the compass, someone. Bring along the shovel, boys. It's a pirate's treasure, sure. No breakfast till we find it."

The boys asked questions as innocently as they possibly could. Uncle George had already paced off the ground when they arrived with the shovels. "Here's the spot," he cried. "All pure sand. The easiest digging in the world. Give me a shovel!"

Uncle George began the digging himself. Although he dug quite a hole there was no sign of a treasure. The father took his turn at digging next. The boys almost died with suppressed laughter to see their father digging for the treasure where none had been buried. But they dared make no sign. They took their turn next, and it was a great relief for them to step into the hole, for they had been afraid every minute that they should burst into a fit of laughter. After they had had their turn Uncle George took his again, but their father refused to dig any more.

"I'm not used to digging," he said, "and I'm sore already. You had better be cautious too, George, and let the boys dig."

Uncle George laughed at the warning, and worked

manfully when his turn came again. But in the midst of it, he dropped the shovel with an expression of pain, and placed both hands on the small of his back. "I'm afraid I have wrenched my weak back," he groaned. "I should have taken your advice, but it's too late now."

The boy's father assisted his brother to the tent, and also informed the boys that they must continue the digging. They were greatly dismayed, but they would have been still more dismayed if they could have seen how rapidly Uncle George's back improved when he was hidden within the tent. The boys dug away, but soon became very sore and tired.

"Do you think we had better own up and get out of it that way?" Ned asked.

"Own up!" Roy exclaimed, pushing his shovel viciously into the ground. "I'd dig through to China first."

"So would I," said Ned. "We may as well make the best of a bad bargain and see it through."

The father and Uncle George watched the daily progress and said, "You have done nobly, boys. Don't be discouraged if you don't find anything. You know this loose sand often drifts."

One evening the boys overheard part of a conversation that filled them with alarm. Their father and uncle were evidently accusing the cook of having stolen the treasure.

"Ned, do you know, I believe they think the cook has stolen the treasure," Roy whispered.

"I'm afraid they do," Ned replied. "Since he is suspected the only decent thing we can do is to own up. I'd rather dig a month than to give ourselves away so, but it is not fair to let someone else suffer on our account."

"That's what I think," said Roy. "Let's go and tell right now."

A minute later both boys were in the tent, eager to confess all to Uncle George. "Do you admit that you bought that box purposely to trick your Unclet George, who has been so kind to you?" their father asked.

"Yes," Ned answered. "We're both very sorry, but we think the joke has been rather upon us after all."

"And now you acknowledge it solely to save the cook from the suspicion of stealing the treasure, do you?"

"Yes, that is the only reason," was the answer.

"Very well!" their father continued. "Wait a minute, George (for he was about to interrupt), I have a little confession to make myself, since the boys have acted so honorably about it. To begin with, the cook has never been suspected of stealing the treasure, because we knew from the start that there was no treasure there. Let me say, boys, it was a poorly managed trick. When your Uncle George found the box in the sand he turned to me and said, "This box and parchment have been for sale in a curiosity shop on Broadway for more than a year. I have seen them there a score of times and examined

them, for I thought of buying them. The boys are playing a trick on us. But leave it to me, we'll turn the tables on them."

"I intended to keep you digging for at least a week," their father continued, "to punish your impertinence. But your Uncle George was too kind hearted. The first afternoon he got a rusty iron pot and filled it with sand and covered the top with gold and silver coin, and that night he buried it in the hole, intending to let you find it and so bring your digging to an end. But I went out later and dug it up because I thought you deserved more punishment. Your uncle did not know of my digging it up, and when you did not find it, the inference was made that someone had stolen it. I'm proud that you were manly enough to own up and so exonerate the poor cook."

The boys surely felt as though the tables had been turned upon them, but their Uncle George told them that he thought their father had worked them entirely too hard, and he was going on a real curiosity trip soon and would take them along.

E. B., '14.



Robin Hood Rescues a Child

O weirdly, weirdly shone the moon,
Upon that summer night,
And strange were all the hills to see,
Beneath its silver light.

It shone upon the still, white walls
Of a dwelling old and bare;
O this was a cruel giant's home,
And he was sleeping there.

In a bower sat a lonely child.
A prisoner was he,
And bitterly wept for home and friends
He might no longer see.

Into his bare and chilly bower
He saw the moonlight fall;
It fairly startled him to see
A shadow on the wall.

He turned and at the window saw
An elfin, strange and weird.
Like to an eldern dwarf was he,
With long and grizzled beard.

His coat was brown as fallen leaves
That in the forest lie;
Bold was the frown upon his brow,
And keen his darksome eye.

He passed between the prison bars,
Into the room anon.
O, strange he seemed, as there he stood,
Full in the moonlight wan.

"O, wherefore weepest thou?" said he,
"I hear thee night and day;
I cannot sleep because of thee—
Have done, have done, I say."

"O, be not harsh," the lad replied,
"When thou should'st pity me.
For I am locked in this dreary bower,
And never may be free."

"O, this is an evil giant's home,
Where I must live for aye;
He stole me from my father's house
In the greenwood far away."

Now when he heard the mournful tale,
Right thoughtful grew the elf;
Three times he rustled his dusty coat
And nodded to himself.

Quoth he, "I know a gallant man,
Will come and set thee free;
Unto thy window he will haste,
And break the bars for thee."

Now straightway did he leave the bower,
And haste unto the wood,
To call upon his worthy friend,
The gallant Robin Hood.

When Robin heard the elfin's tale,
A mighty oath swore he;
"By my good bow," quoth Robin Hood,
"Such wrongs should never be."

If ever I did a worthy deed,
This night shall not pass by
And leave the lad imprisoned there.
To his rescue now will I."

So Robin took his good yew bow,
And summoned Little John.
Unto the wicked giant's home,
The elf led them anon.

The moon shone on the still, white walls
Of the dwelling old and bare;
They knew that this was the giant's home,
And he was sleeping there.

They heard the boy within his bower.
Right bitterly wept he;
But soon they brake the prison bars
And set the poor lad free.

Right soon they found the giant bold;
He fought with them again;
But when good Robin had bent his bow,
He lay in the moonlight, slain.

Unto his home they led the boy.
O, happy now was he,
And ever he blessed the little elf
And the men who set him free.

FAY MILLER, '14.

May Chronicles

MAY, 1910.

I'm the happiest girl in the world! Oh, little Diary, I'm so full of joy and excitement that you'll never be able to make out what I'm telling you, for I can't sit still—or think—or anything for more than a minute at a time. Last night I graduated from high school and every one you and I know and love gave me beautiful things and I was simply smothered in flowers and tho't I could never be much happier; but oh, it was nothing to what came this morning! Grandpa's gift—he didn't tell me last night because he said he knew I'd never sleep a wink—you'd never guess what it is! I am going to college! Oh, isn't it almost too good to be true? It's the biggest surprise I ever had, because altho' its always been the secret craving of my heart, I've never let Grandad think for a minute that I'd ever want to do anything but stay right on the dear old place with him and Uncle Ted. I can't see for the life of me how he ever guessed—maybe the fairies—no, I bet I know—you told the brook and the brook murmured it to the big tree where grandpa's pet lark lives, and the tree whispered it to the lark and he flew right out to the orchard and told grandpa! So you see I owe it all to my little best friend. To make it all the lovelier Jeannette is going too, so I shan't be all alone among strangers. Listen—I can hear the Thomas auto humming up the road. I wonder whether it's Ned Thomas coming home from college—he usually comes about this time. I never told you about them, did I? Just think—

our families have lived on adjoining farms for four generations and yet for the last fifty years they have not exchanged a word, just because of some silly little squabble over land which didn't amount to a row of pins. They finally came to a lawsuit over it which was decided against us after having hung on for a long time.

One day when I was little I remember asking grandpa something about the Thomas family and he was angry and answered sharply that he didn't care to discuss them. I was hurt at being answered so crossly for no conceivable reason and Uncle Ted took me for a walk in the orchard to comfort me. While we were gone he explained to me all about things. He said the reason grandpa was so very bitter was that his only sister, a delicate young girl whom he fairly idolized, was engaged to one of the Thomas boys at the time and in the heat of the quarrel the fathers stepped in and broke the engagement, which I think was unforgivable. But people in great-grandfather's time had such queer notions about family pride and honor that it's hard to judge them by our modern standards. Grandpa's sister died in a few months and he could never forget her long enough to think of making any advances toward peace.

Of course as the younger generations grew up they realized how foolish it all was, but false pride, about being the first to give in, I suppose, and respect for the old people's feelings have kept the families just as far apart as ever.

I was never allowed to play with the children at school

and I am sure grandpa breathed a sigh of relief when the boy and girl were sent away to school. The girl, Amelia, is married now and her brother is going to college, the same one which I am to attend. I wonder whether I shall ever see him there. I'd have to be introduced or have him pointed out to me before I'd know who he was, as I have forgotten what he looks like, I haven't had a good look at him for so long.

I just naturally can't realize I'm going—and it's not all joy because I hate to leave grandpa and Uncle Ted and my dear country. I'll spend the rest of May saying good-bye to my favorite woods, for in June I'm going to stay with Aunt Jo at the seashore, and after that time will just fly while I'm getting ready for college. Jeanette is going—there's grandpa calling from the orchard, so good-bye, little Diary, for today.

MAY 31.

Little Diary, I'm going to tell you something that will make you feel hurt and slighted and I hate to do it, but I must. I'm going to leave you at home—Oh, I don't want to, but Jeanette and Uncle Ted say that I'll be too busy down there, that I'll only have a little time to be out in the fresh air and as sure as I take you along I'll spend that time talking to you. You see I've always lived outdoors and they're afraid that I'll be confined too much down there, and swear that if I'm not as rosy and healthy when I come home at Christmas that I can't go back, so you see I had to give in to keep them from worrying.

So I'm going to wrap you up all good and snug and put you in a tin box and then settle you all nice and comfy in the hollow of our "confidence" tree until next

Spring. You'll like it better here where you can listen to the brook and the trees and say good-bye to the birds when they go away, and before you know it I'll be back.

MAY, 1911.

Here I am once more under the same old tree, with the same little brook murmuring and rippling between its fern clad banks, and thru' the trees the same sunny green meadows all bedecked in their lovely wildflower robes of Spring.

Everything is just as it was and I feel almost as tho' I'd gone to sleep last May and dreamed all this wonderful year.

Oh, Little Diary, I've so much to tell you that I'll have to spend all vacation with you and the brook getting caught up. I'll just begin at the beginning and take up all the big things as they come along.

For the first week or so I was so very very homesick and bewildered and lost that I thought I really never would be able to stay and my fairy castles were on the verge of tumbling about my ears. Oh how I did miss grandad and uncle and the dear old place and how I used to huddle down in a dark corner and pretend I was sitting here with you. I could just hear the ripple of the brook, the summer breeze whispering in the tree tops, the drowsy twitter of the birds and the dear cool, woodsy smell would be all about me and I'd about die of homesickness.

However, when school really started and I met nice people and had studying to do it wasn't bad.

After we had been at school about a month the sorority to which Jeanette's sister belonged took us in and after that everything was fine. Oh right here I must tell you something.

On Hallow'een eve the sorority gave a masquerade at the house and you may imagine what a dandy time we had preparing and decorating for it. It wasn't a big affair at all, of course, but nice and cosy and loads of fun. During the evening I had several dances with a certain Domino. Neither of us had an idea who the other was, which made it all the more interesting.

About a half hour before the supper dance we went into the conservatory to cool off, and decided to unmask. When he found he didn't even know me by sight he suggested that we introduce ourselves for the present and find a mutual friend later, and gave me his name—Ned Thomas! I looked at him as tho' I'd seen a ghost, he told me afterwards, and he was quite alarmed at my funny actions. In explanation I simply told him my name. It was awfully embarrassing; neither one knew what to say, or whether we should say anything or not. Finally he broke the silence—"I'd excuse myself now and not bother you any more putting personal preferences aside, except for one thing. Your sorority and my fraternity are good friends, as you probably know by now, and give dances and things together, seeing a lot of each other generally. It will make it very hard if we are enemies and I don't see why we should be. It's not necessary that we see much of each other, but if you look at it in the same way, I think it's best that we should at least be acquaintances."

I couldn't help but agree, as it would be foolish to carry on the old feud as long as it was not hurting grandad not to do so. Wasn't it queer my meeting him in that way? I asked him how it was I had never seen him with the rest of the boys. He said he'd been sick with malarial fever all summer and the doctor had told him the only

way he could come back to college this term was to cut all gaities for the first two months or so. This was his first venture since college began. We both tho't it odd, tho' that we hadn't found out about each other, since we found, the more we talked, that we had several friends in common.

I can't help seeing him every once in a while and liking him better each time, for he is a fine, straightforward fellow.

I almost feel sometimes as tho' I ought to tell grandad about it, but there really is no need, as it would only bother him and cause a lot of trouble. It's only a school friendship and besides Ned graduates a year from next May and goes to Harvard for a post graduate course.

It's gotten quite dark while I've been scribbling away heer, so I'd better say good-bye for today or grandad and Uncle Ted will be jealous of you, little diary.

MAY, 1912.

Spring time is here again in the hills, the fields and the trees and I'm back in the old place after another swift flying year.

Little Diary, this is the only time I'm going to let myself talk to you all vacation until perhaps the last day. Are you hurt and surprised and angry? Please don't be, because I know you won't after I've told you why. I'm begining to think altogether too much of Ned Thomas and because I know he doesn't dream of such a thing either for himself or me, and because it would be really worse if he did, on account of that horrible quarrel, I'm going to make myself forget all about it. I'm not going to talk to you, first of all, because I know if I did I'd keep

bringing him up and writing about him and I'd be worse off than ever. And then I've filled my summer just full of plans. Two of the girls are coming here to visit me for a month and I'm to be away visiting them and some others for another month, so you see there won't be much time to let myself be silly.

And I'm going to stop right now and go read to grand-dad out in the orchard, because he's not feeling well and needs cheering up. So, dear little "Confidence" book, good-bye for a long time and the next time I write in you I'll be all cured up—you see.

MAY, 1913.

Dear Little Diary, I've been sitting here in the dear old familiar nook for what seems only a short time and yet my watch tells me it's over an hour. I've been just thinking, thinking, and loving everything I see, because all the world is Spring and I'm the happiest thing in it.

I arrived home yesterday about noon feeling pretty blue, but oh, so glad to be back in my dear hills again. I'm so glad I come home in May, because then everything beautiful is out to greet me. Grandad and Uncle Ted were foolishly glad to see me and I was just as foolish over them, which is not to be wondered at when you consider what dears they are.

Ned graduated and is going to Harvard when it opens in the fall.

You remember I mentioned telling Ned about you and your Winter nest? Well, in the afternoon when I came down to get you, what should I find under the strings of your box but a note from him. I was so surprised that I just stood and stared at it for a minute and then could hardly wait to get it open and see what he'd writ-

ten. I had to read it thru' twice before I could believe my eyes—little dairy, he wrote that he'd learned to care an awful lot for me and wanted to come and ask grandpa if he wouldn't forget the quarrel and give him a chance to win me before he went away! After I finished I just sat still and there were so many feelings all mixed up in my heart that it took a minute for the real, but vital one to gain control of me and make all the others so small they ceased to be. And then I leaned back against the "Confidence tree" and cried and cried at the awfulness of it all. I don't know what I should have done or decided to do if grandad hadn't come along, and sitting down beside me, taken the note and read it through. When he'd finished he sat for a long time holding my hand and looking straight before him at nothing. I waited, tense and hopeless, and in the back of my mind I could hear the rippling murmur of the brook, the trees whispering in the fragrant breeze and the soft twitter of the birds and a little tho't crept into my mind like a sunbeam into a dark, dreary valley. God is in the brook and the trees and the song of the birds—wasn't it his voice whispering to grandad for me?

Presently grandad's eyes filled with tears and turning to me he said, his dear voice full of love, "Honey, its hard for an old man to forget the hate of years, even tho' he realizes it has been a foolish one. It's hard to take into his life the son of a family that's been his enemy for a lifetime, and yet your grandad realizes what it all means to you and he won't stand in the way, but for the sake of a sister who died for love and a dear grand-daughter who must live for love, he'll welcome the boy and forget what is past."

H. M. O., '14.

The Expense of Haste

"If you can get the cattle across the divide before them greasers, you're safe on your feed for all summer," said old Warren Winslow to his boy John, who sat upon his little range horse Tony.

Mr. Winslow's last two winters had seen him crippled with rheumatism and by the time he had been able to start for the summer range, Don Garsi, the wealthiest Mexican in the mountains, had pretty well covered it with his enormous herds of cattle and flocks of sheep. This year John was old enough to care for the stock and he started out for the range some hundred miles distant feeling quite like a man. "Come, Tony, little horse," he said, as they got under way, "We'll show them Mexicans who's who around the Winslow farm now."

John was full of confidence. He had never before been trusted to this extent and he felt it his duty to reach the range first; for it is the law of the cattle range, "first come, first served," and this motto had firmly grasped the Mexican's mind.

The first night caught John approaching Buzzard's Roost, twenty-five miles from home. As he drew near the little inn he shouted, "Open your corral gates, Si." An old man hobbled out with a cane and looked in amazement at the young man. "Yer pa got the rheumatiz again this spring, Jack?" asked old Si Appleton. "It must be that, or yer agrowin' up too fast and takin' the reins away from him."

John explained the situation, fed his animals for the

night and went to supper. After the hearty meal was over (for they fed one well in those mountain road houses), old Si took the boy aside. "Tis well y'u got a early start, me boy. Them Mexicans 'll soon be along. Joe Terrace from Round Mountain stopped over last night an' tol' me them ole greasers was a-brandin' their cattle and had the cook wagins packed for startin'. Drive even in the night, if you have to, jus' so's y'u beat 'em. Now git to bed early, so's to be up an' rustlin' by five. I'll call y'u at four an' feed them animals fer y'u."

John had not slept long when he slowly wakened and caught the sharp bark of a dog and the grinding of wheels in the old creek bed just outside his window. He listened half awake. "What was it," he thought, "This time of night?" At length the truth dawned upon him. Don Garsi was not slow enough to be caught. He had seen John's cattle when he passed the day before, from his sheep pasture, which was some miles from the road, and had broken camp a day ahead of time and was now rushing his herds along.

John felt the pangs of disappointment sharply. Soon the door opened and old Si shook the bed, "Hey, Jack, me lad, rouse yerself! Don Garsi was not slow enough to be caught. He had seen John's cattle when he passed the day before, from his sheep pasture, which was some miles from the road, and had broken camp a day ahead of time and was now rushing his herds along.

John felt the pangs of disappointment sharply. Soon

the door opened and old Si shook the bed, "Hey, Jack, me lad, rouse yerself! Don't y'u hear them wagins an' dogs?" he said. John straightened up and said, "It's all up now, Si, I heard them half an hour ago. I can't do anything now and pa counted so much on me."

"Niver mind, Jackie," spoke Si, and grasped his hand, "y'u never seen the day yit that I went back on yer dad, did y'u? Get up now an' I'll tell y'u my plan."

John hastily dressed and followed the old man to the dining room. "Yer dad had perty tough luck these las' few years," said Si, "an' everybody's afeelin' sorry fer him. As soon as I heard them cattle apassin' this mornin', I called up Mike Henley over there on Dutch Flat, out behind my place an' tol' him yer situation. I asked him if he'd 'low them cattle to pass thru his place from mine an' let y'u stay over to his place tonight. He said "yes" an' now y'u see y'u'll cut off a whole day. Rest at his place tonight, git an early start and drive on to the range; yer cattle'll stand it. Hurry up now and I'll send Tim to help y'u as far as Henley's."

The bright shadows of morning were creeping in among the trees when the two boys headed the cattle down the trail that led to the other ranch, nearly thirty miles away. "We've got to keep movin'," said Tim, "or we'll be till after dark on this trail and you see that little cloud in the south; it may develop into a rainstorm before night, so it's well we push right along."

Tim couldn't keep quiet about those Mexicans and what "pigs" they were. Once or twice as the boys passed over

a ridge they could see their distant cattle moving slowly thru the luxuriant valley below.

The drove refreshed themselves at noon at a spring, while the boys hastily swallowed their lunch, for now the sky was quite over cast. "We're going to get caught, Tim," said John and soon it was lightly sprinkling. Scarcely an hour had passed when a real mountain storm was in progress. The boys turned out of their saddles and the cattle tried to break for shelter, but were kept ahead until Henley's ranch was reached, where Mike himself was waiting with his sheds fixed comfortably for the drenched animals and a cozy room for the boys.

It rained and rained; in the morning the storm had not abated and the roads and creeks were rushing with water. "Y'u better wait over until this stops," Mike said at breakfast, "your life and cattle are worth more than what you will lose."

At the end of the third day the storm had ceased and John prepared for an early start in the morning. He, however, was delayed and as he left the house the stage drove up. "Here, take a look at this," called Mike and handed John the little town paper. The headlines ran, "Don Garsi, wealthy Mexican, loses heavily in cattle and sheep. Attempts to cross bridge on Montgomery Creek during the recent flood, bridge gives way with animals as they are being driven across, etc." "Guess you'll have all the pasture you want," said Mike and John silently, joyfully acquiesced.

JARED SCUDDER, '14.

A Forest Fire

It was late afternoon and the sun was sinking in the west, leaving behind a gorgeous sky. This was the sight which greeted Robert Jackson, when after a long day's ride he reached the crest of the hill above his home. Here he paused to gaze at the glorious scene about him. The spruce trees shut off the view into the valley below. His gaze wandered to the mountains which stretched northward until their summits were lost in purple mist; as he gazed a wave of sadness swept over him, for he had suddenly determined to leave this loved spot, to go he knew not where—nor did it matter, he moodily told himself, since Agnes Grant, the pretty young teacher of Bette Summit school, had told him decidedly that she did not desire his attentions. He watched the sun's last rays through the trees, and as the shadow of evening fell about him, he descended the hill to his home in the valley below. Some days later Miss Agnes Grant, while seated at her desk at school, was startled to hear a low, distant rumble. Hastening to the window, she opened it; there was a distant odor of green wood burning. "Children," she said, "I think there's a forest fire near, and it's coming this way. You would better be at home; your people will be less anxious." So saying she dismissed them, and saw safely home those who lived in the direction of the approaching fire. Returning to the schoolhouse, she saddled her horse and hastily mounting, started homeward.

The fire to the northeast was sweeping rapidly toward

her. She heard with dismay the roar of the falling trees, as they crashed into the underbrush! Faster and faster she rode; birds whizzed past her, and the squirrels went in leaping bounds from tree to tree. A huge deer bounded over the trail and disappeared into the thicket below. She bent lower over the horse and urged her on; she was riding faster than she ever dared ride before. The wind drove down upon her furiously, and particles of ashes blew about her. Up the hill she started, Macey slightly slackening her pace. There was still five miles before them. Down the hill they flew, leaping over rocks and shrubs. The fire was raging down into the valley a few miles below. Hundreds of little fires suddenly appeared. Above rolled huge volumes of smoke, carrying millions of sparks. For the moment her head reeled, thoughts of her people far away flashed over her mind. Perhaps she would never see them again. A sudden pang smote her, where was Bob? The increasing roar of the fire blotted out further thought. As they dashed up the next hill, suddenly a fragment of burning bark was hurled against them and Macey jumped to one side. Agnes clutched at her mane, but she was too late, and was flung headlong against the rocks below.

Returning to his home after a day's journey Bob noticed a distant black cloud to the northeast. He quickened his pace; the cloud was growing thicker and was moving faster and faster, at times rising high into

the air, and again settling low over the mountains. A haze was settling about him, he rode faster and faster, for now he well knew that this was no fog. He could see that the smoke was not far from his own home. Across the level plain he flew, the wind blowing about him and birds darting before his face. On he rode and on, and still faster and faster. When he reached a hill near his home, he slowed down for a moment then up the hill and down, landing breathless at his door. His mother dashed out of the house, "Bob, to the valley; the gang's there and they'll need you." Leaving his house he started down toward the valley, which the fire was approaching. High up, on the other side of the valley, the spruce trees burst into blaze, and the flames leaped from tree to tree. Trees were crashing against one another, and thundering deep into the canyon. He saw the gang at work below him. They had cleared several large trees and were plowing a wide furrow to prevent the fire from starting up the canyon. He jumped down over rocks and cliffs and soon had his coat off, and was working furiously. Suddenly his ears caught the sound of a cry from above him. Turning he saw his mother frantically waving a red handkerchief. "Go help your mother, Bob!" one man shouted, "we can get along without you now, your mother needs you!" This said he started up toward his home. Half way up his mother met him. "Oh, Bob!" she screamed, "Miz Spencer says Agnes isn't home yet, and oh, the fire may have reached her now!"

Bob struck out for the trail over which Agnes rode daily. Smoke thickened about him, and wind seemed to come from every direction, shrieking and twisting, and hurling the sparks high into the air. Trees crashed through the underbrush into the valley below him.

Flames leaped clear of the smoke and tore the tops from the spruce and tamaracks, hurling them deep into the canyon. On he rushed and on, now falling, now up again and with renewed speed flying up the hill and down into the next valley. His breath came in gasps; the air was becoming suffocating, and the heat almost intolerable. The hissing of burning branches grew louder and louder and the roar of falling trees more confusing. He became aware that darkness would soon fall; he began to call her name after every few steps, but received no answer except the dull boom of falling trees. He dared not think what he feared; still he hastened on. Suddenly his foot struck something; he stooped low over a woman's figure and raised the hat from before her face—it was Agnes, and her face was deathly white. He took hold of her arm—it moved. Thank God, she still lived! The fire would soon be upon them. He looked about for a place of safety; only one way suggested itself, the lake. He picked her up in his arms and started down the hill. Fragments of burning bark flew about him, and set fire to the dry grass. The wind lifted the smoke and revealed the blazing trees, and below, the little mountain lake. Near the water's edge loitered two wild cats, and a fox, but they did not flee at the sight of human beings. Arriving at the water's edge, Bob took the girl's handkerchief and wetting it, laid it across her face. The cool water was refreshing, and she opened her eyes for a moment and saw him; he heard her faintly whisper his name. Smoke billowed down upon them. Bob drew the girl into the water, and panting with the heat, crawled in beside her. They lay low among the reeds, just managing to keep their heads above water. A giant tree on the farther side of the lake surged through the air and fell into the

water with a deep resounding plunk, followed by loud hissing. Darkness was falling; now the smoke would swoop down upon them, and again left, revealing bursts of angry flame. A leaden gray twilight settled about them. Still the fire raged mercilessly on.

There was now fire on every side. Taking the half-conscious girl in strong arms, Bob waded far out into the lake. Trees and burning bark splashed into the lake, and steam lifted about them, while waves of heat mingled with the cold water. Now and then a deer would swim past, and a cayote yelp near by. So the night wore on; the fire was passing. Bob hoped that the gang could control it when it reached the farther canyon. Hours passed—at times the girl would open her eyes, only to lapse again into unconsciousness. The smoke was thinning and waved about them cool and light. One by one the animals ventured out of the lake to return with a sharp "Yip!" when their feet touched the ashes, which were still mingled with live coals. Bob watched the fire with strained

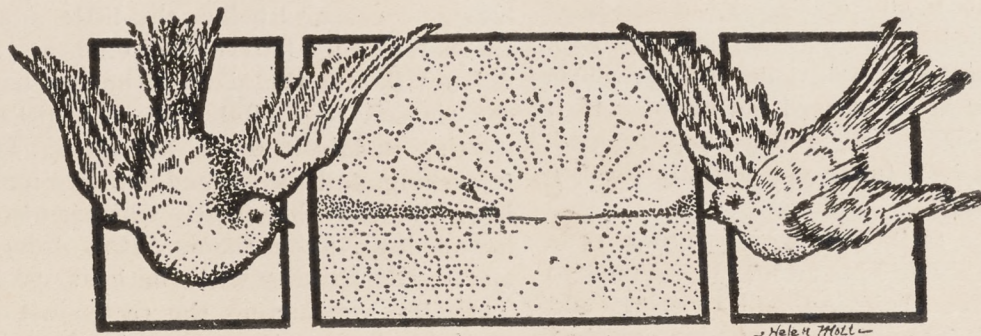
eyes—it was slackening—it could not reach his home and they were saved! Turning he saw that Agnes' eyes were fixed upon him; she was fully conscious.

Taking her gently by the arm he led her to the water's edge. They dared not yet venture homeward while the ground was alive with burning coals. Dawn was breaking and soon the bright golden sun shone above the blackened canyon wall. Agnes clasped Bob's arm with both her hands, "Oh, Bob!" she whispered, "that awful fire, and you—how can I—you have saved me from death, and after what I said to you!"

He turned and clasped both her hands. "Agnes you do love me! I know you did not mean what you said."

A smile passed over her face, half glad, half sad. "Yes," she said, "I cared for you all the time." A bird fluttered past, and turning they watched its flight. Smaller and smaller it became, until lost in the brilliant glow of the rising sun.

HELEN MOTT, '14.



A Chinaman and a Broncho

He was a distinguished almond-eyed son of the wash-house, who luxuriated under the euphonious cognomen of "Hop Sing."

For several years past he had lived a very quiet life, which consisted of washing flannel shirts for the boys, playing a few hands of poker now and then, snaring trout in the neighboring streams and learning the art of mining under the instruction of Gill Whetmore. But the most important event of Hop Sing's peaceful life was to take place in the morning, when he proposed to ride his broncho under the tutorship of Dan Barthlow.

It seems that a few weeks back Hop Sign had won this steed from an Indian in a poker game, and Hop had been persuaded by the boys that his prize would not be a financial success if he had to pay pasture bills on him all the time. Hop finally decided to break him to ride and then hire him out to the boys by the month and eventually accumulate a fortune.

As far back as we have any record, which is almost since the world began, we find there has always been a wide diversity of opinion between a Chinaman and a broncho. There seems to be a conflict of opinion that no balm, however, soothing, can heal.

Hop Sing, however, in the charming innocence of his celestial mind was blissfully ignorant of this fact.

On the fatal morning Hop was at the appointed place at the proper time, as was also a crowd of curious and excited spectators.

While the boys were giving Hop some excellent advice, such as "Be sure you are in the saddle, Hop, before you sit down," "Don't fall off, for you might get hurt," "If the saddle horn comes off grab him by the ears, for whatever you do hang on to something," the broncho was led out and Dan tossed the saddle carelessly across the meditative beast, who humped his back in order to secure the right length of cinch to allow him to crawl out from under the saddle at the most opportune moment.

Hop came forward, his face irradiated with a broad grin as he asked, "Dan, you think he jumpee way up?" "Wal, no," answered Dan, as he finished fastening the cinch, "he's a regular Christian he is, so kind hearted and thoughtful like." Dan winked knowingly at the spectators as he carefully knotted the curb rein and then turned to the Celestial and inquired, "Are you ready?"

"Alle leady," responded Hop as he gathered up his reins. When one foot was safely placed in the stirrup, Dan left him (the Chinaman, not the broncho) to his fate.

Hop tightened the rein and landed safely in the saddle.

Every one held his breath, but the broncho did not move. The Chinaman grinned with delight, then touching the horse's flank with his heel to make him move he said confidentially, "Alle light." But, lo and behold! it was all wrong. The broncho performed a sideways movement, somewhat resembling a crab trying locomotion on a sandy beach, then suddenly he rose high into the air

and bringing his front and back feet together he landed on his toes, only to rise higher into the atmosphere.

The boys cheered, threw their hats into the air and continually urged Hop to "Stay with 'im."

Soon all was hidden in a great cloud of dust, but every one knew Hop was still there, because when he could spare the time he would let out a horrible squeal.

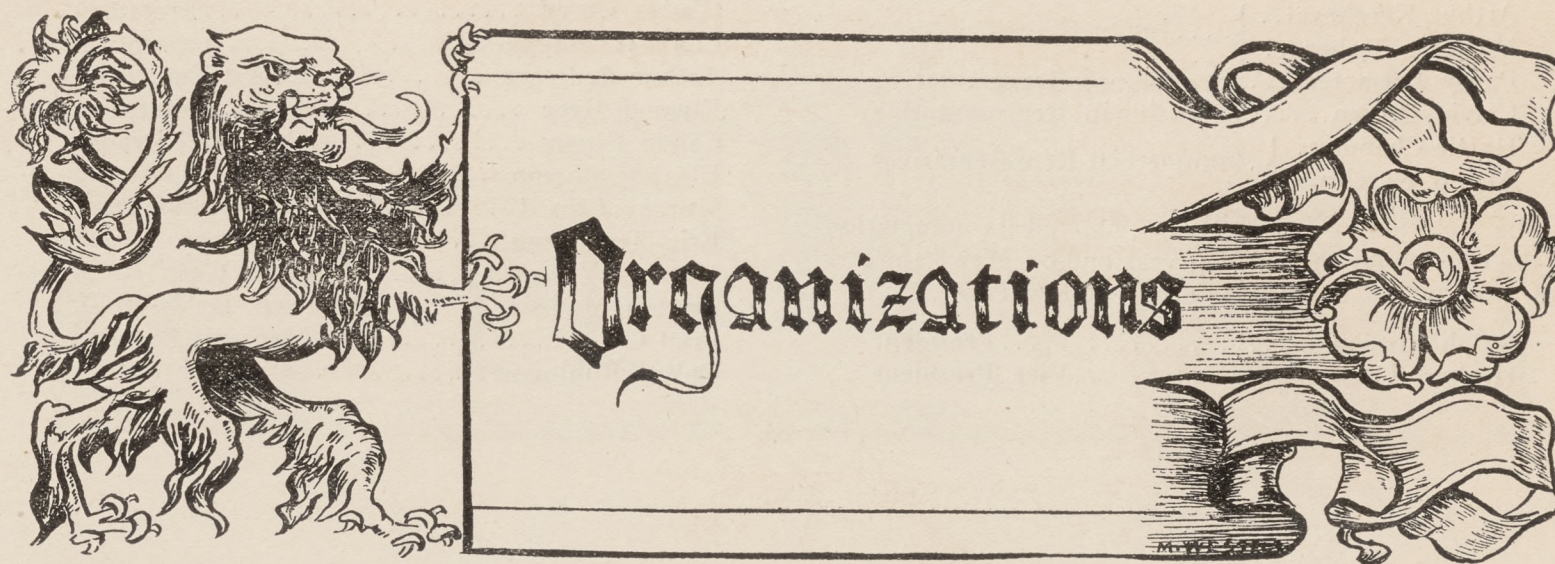
The Chinaman squealed and the horse continued to buck until with a loud report the cinch broke. The Chi-

naman performed an aerial voyage heavenward with the saddle following close in his wake, while the horse peacefully trotted off to a nearby hill.

Hop Sing was lifted off the roof of the blacksmith shop by the careful and willing hands of the spectators and planted without further ceremonies under the lonely pine tree in the gulch, while the grazing broncho looked on with a knowing wink that seemed to say, "The Chinese must go."

L. C. D., '15.





The Student Body was reorganized early this term under a new constitution. The plan of the new organization is to bring the student affairs more directly under the control of the students. The additional officers which the new constitution called for were elected after its adoption.

There are two committees in place of the old Board of Control. The more important committee is the Advisory Board which considers all business before it is brought before the Student Body and gives an opinion on all matters. However, it has no power to act. The members of the Advisory Board are:

Dickson Brown	President
Parker Hall	Vice President

Josephine Camm	Secretary
Mr. Binkley	Treasurer
Miss Polland	Faculty Representative
Jared Scudder	Senior Representative
Paul Sales	Junior Representative
Wesley Wheeler	Sophomore Representative
Beatrice Bowman....	Freshman Representative
Theo. Peloquin.....	Commercial Representative

The other committee is the Nominating Committee, which has the following members:

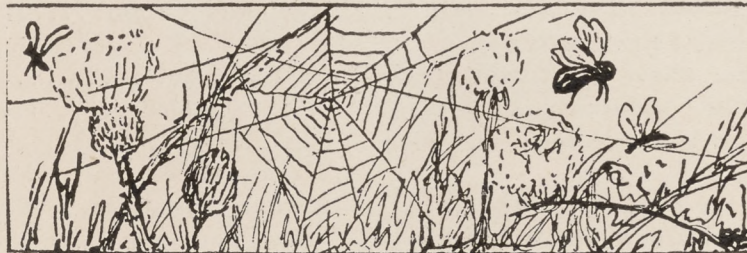
Dickson Brown	Chairman
Parker Hall	Vice-President
Audrey Schmidt	}Secretary and Senior Representative
Percival Wheeler	

Arthur Kercheval..	}	...Junior Representatives
Marjorie Barber...		
Pansy Parmeter		Sophomore Representative
Calvin Brown.....		Freshman Representative
Hattie Chandler.	}	Commercial Representatives
Arthur Kerchival		

The Nominating Committee completed its nominations of the officers for the ensuing year and on May 5 the election was held. The results are as follows:

Ralph Rorden	President
Herbert Cochrane	Vice President

Gladys Corry	Secretary
Clarence Maggetti	Accountant
Arthur Pedersen	Editor Enterprise
Elwood Byce	Manager Enterprise
Calvin Brown	Yell Leader
Eleanor Nisson	Librarian
Murray Gow	Sergeant-at-Arms
Eric Tonnigsen	Manager Track
Martha Wessels.....	Manager Girls' B. B.
Clinton Madison.....	Manager Boy's B. B.
Fred Carr	Manager Baseball
Dallas Ruhlman.....	Manager Tennis





GLEE CLUB

The Boy's and Girls' Glee Clubs, under the able direction of Miss Prutzman and Miss Polland, gave the Cafe Chantant at Guild Hall on February 20th. Pear blossoms and pepper wood boughs banked the stage and the individual tables, where refreshments were served "Cafe Chantant" style, were bright with daffodils and violets, the whole scene presenting a spring-like appearance. The program, which follows, was of unusual distinction and every number proved a delightful surprise to the audience.

Peggy Niedlinger
 Dutch Dolls Ostlere
 Girls' Glee Club.

Song of the Seasons Chadwick
 Snowflakes Cowen
 Miss Houx, Miss Prutzman, Miss Woodman,
 Miss Polland.
 Funiculi, Funicula
 Who Built de Ark?.....
 Boy's Glee Club.
 The Maybells and the Flowers.... Mendelssohn
 Tuscan Folk Song Caracciolo
 Miss Florence Glahn, Miss Nina Squires
 Gypsy Chorus (Bohemian Girl)..... Balfe
 Where Are You Going To?..... Caldicott
 Combined Glee Clubs.

Gondoliera Liszt
 Valse de Concert Wieniawski
 Mr. Lippitt.

Reading—

What the Janitor Heard
 Who's Afraid
 Miss Polland.

Violin Duet—

By the RiverMorse
 Entre Acte (Carmen).....Bizet
 Ralph Harrington, Will Schoeningh.

Old Irish Songs—

The Harp That Once Through Tara's Halls
 The Last Rose of Summer.....
 Come Back to Erin
 Killarney Quartette.

The girls of the Domestic Science class served the refreshments and despite the dreadful storm of the day it was largely attended and was voted a great success.

At one of the Friday afternoon programs four of the Glee Club boys, forming a black-face quartet, pleased us with some rollicking plantation songs.

Between the first and second acts of the "Private Secretary" the Boy's and Girls' Glee Club, under Miss Prutzman's direction, gave a selection, entitled "Six O'clock in the Bay," (G. A. Veazie). The numbers were delightful and the applause was sufficient proof of the appreciation of the audience. They did not respond to the encore.

After act two the ladies' quartette, composed of Misses Neyda Houx, Helen Prutzman, Madge Woodman and Alice Polland, sang two selections. They were accompanied by Miss Ruth Oellig. The songs were pleasingly rendered, the voices of the young ladies blending well and showing exceptional musical talent and accomplishment.

The work of the combined glee clubs has been so satisfactory and promising that great things are planned for next term under increased membership. They expect to present an operetta which will no doubt meet with great success.

Several pleasing songs which they are now learning will be given at the Friday afternoon programs.



On January 5th we climbed the hill to school again after the Christmas holidays, to find no changes whatever in the school or faculty. There was an exceptionally large class of Freshmen. In a few days after the new ones had become accustomed to their places we settled down to work again.

The first social happening of the semester was the Freshmen Reception given on February 7th. Social Club hall was prettily decorated with redwood boughs and crepe paper streamers for the occasion.

On Lincoln's Day the school enjoyed having the mem-

bers of the G. A. R. with them once more and an appropriate program was rendered.

On March 20th a very interesting and instructive talk was given by Mr. Smith on the High Sierras. It was illustrated by sixty beautiful slides made from photographs taken by himself on one of his trips through the mountains.

The Botany class and a few of their friends, making a jolly crowd of twenty-five, enjoyed March 28 at Black Canyon.

On April 3rd the classes were called to the assembly

hall and an interesting talk was given on International Peace by Mr. Edward Berwick, a man of distinguished personality, who has done more than any one else toward establishing the Parcels Post and has been very influential in planning the Panama Canal treaties.

That afternoon Haig Arklin, an artist, displayed and explained very interestingly his copies of the most famous old masterpieces of art, to the Student Body and a few friends.

The Freshman class picnicked at Whitney Falls on April 7th.

Mr. Barlow of Analay High School was a visitor on the morning of April 30th. He cordially invited the students to attend their school play, "The Taming of the Shrew," the fourth of Shakespeare's plays given by them on their campus.

A number of interesting and excellent programs have been given this semester and afforded much pleasure to the school.

During the latter part of the term a delightful luncheon was given by the Domestic Science class. Misses Shaw and Polland and a number of the senior girls were the guests.

"The Private Secretary" was presented May 5 in a man-

ner which well showed the talent the High School contains:

The cast follows:

Mr. Marsland	Homer Green
Harry Marsland(his nephew).	Herbert Cockrane
Mr. Cattermole.....	Arthur Pedersen
Douglas Cattermole (his nephew)...	Hale Luff
Rev. Robt. Spalding.....	Everett Linoberg
Mr. Sidney Gibson (tailor of Bond St.).....	
.....	Thurlow Haskell
John (a servant).....	
Knox (a writ server).....	
.....	Erwin Tompkins
Edith Marsland (Marsland's Daughter).....	
.....	Helen Olmsted
Eva Webster (her friend and companion)..	
.....	Elzada Gross
Mrs. Stead (Douglas' landlady)...	Gladys Corry
Miss Ashford	Sidney Neall

Every part was admirably filled and the play was a success financially and dramatically. Many thanks are extended to Miss Polland, who so ably coached the students.

Class of '14

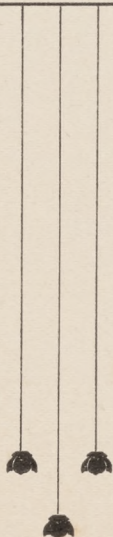
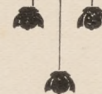
Class of 1914



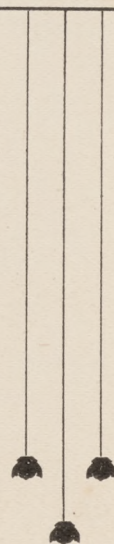
JOSEPHINE CAMM



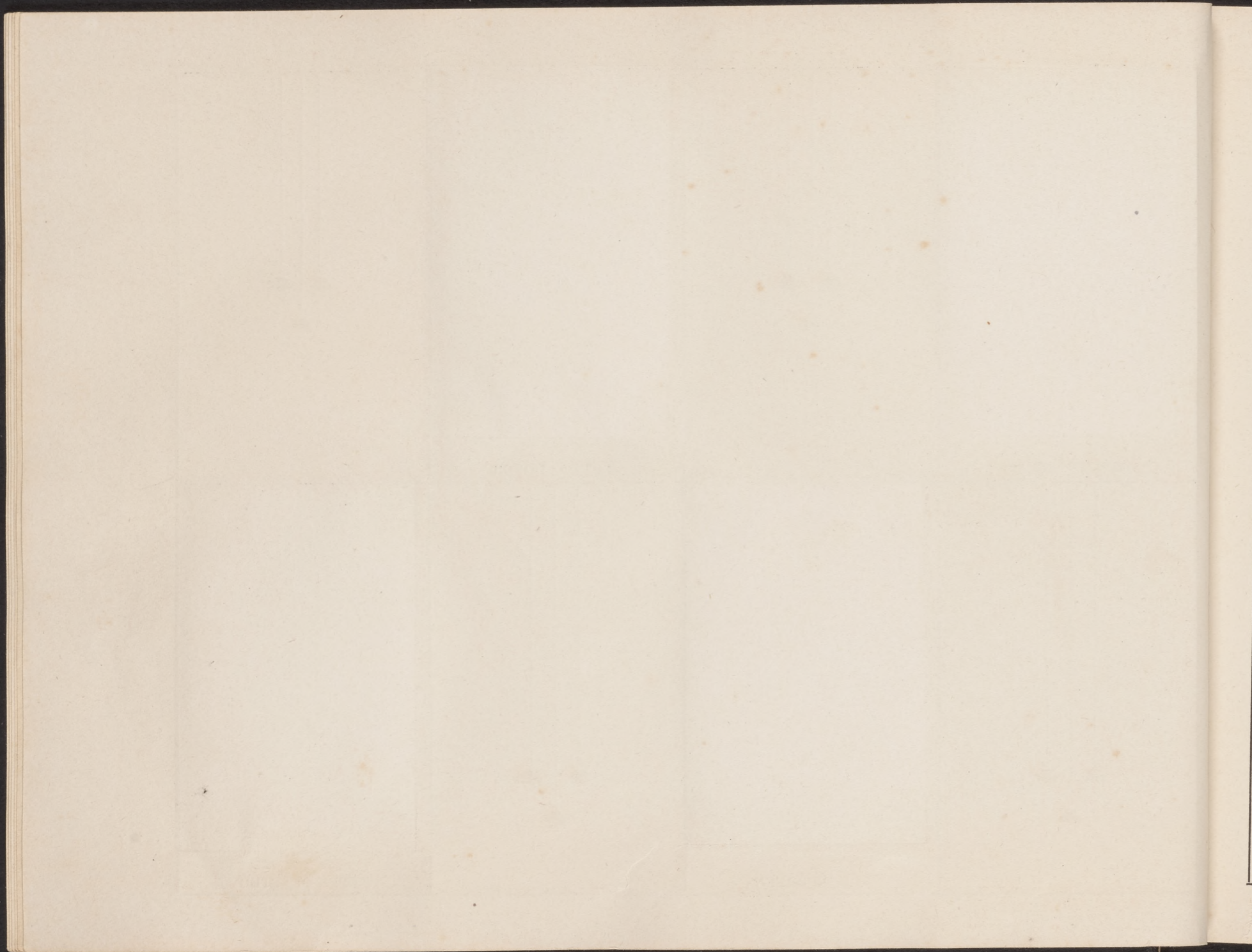
HAROLD BOYER



HOMER GREEN



HELEN OLMSTED

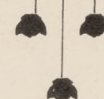




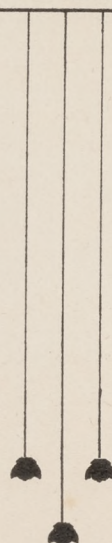
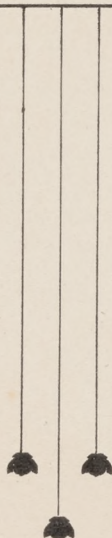
MARGUERITE MENCHEN



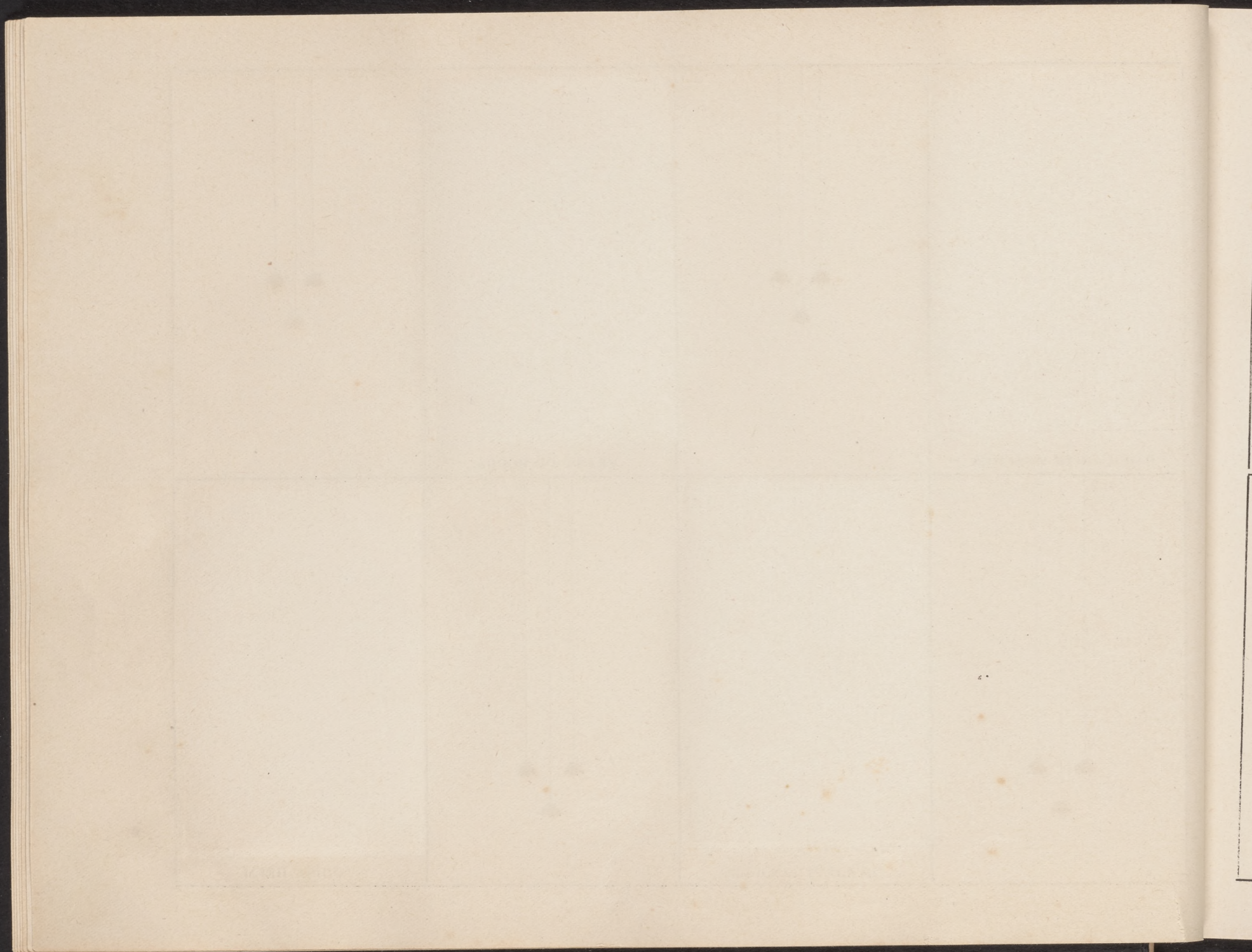
FRANK DE BORBA



EVERETT LINOBERG



LOUISA HELM





MARTINA CAMM



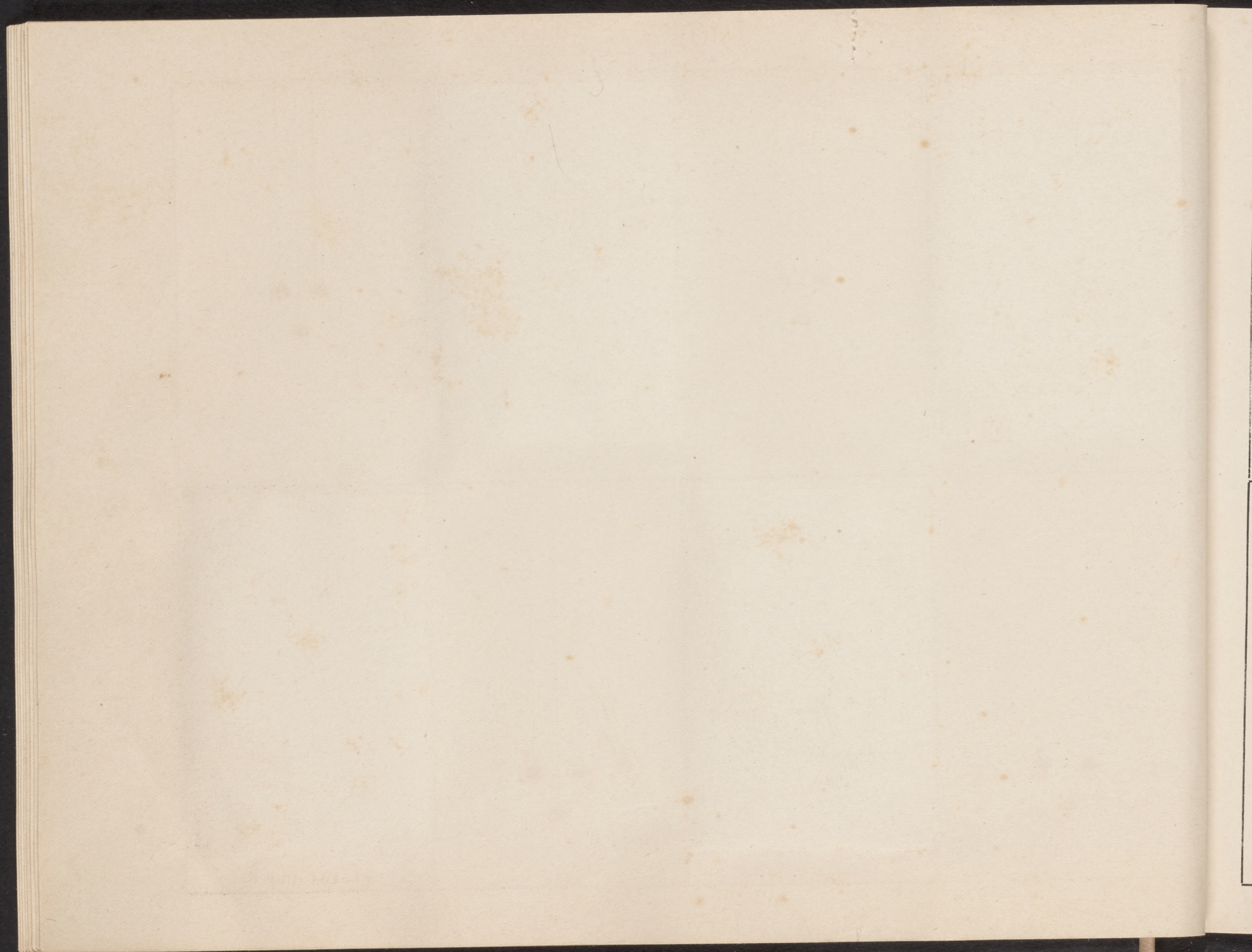
RAY SKILLING



AUDREY SCHMIDT



ELZADA GROSS





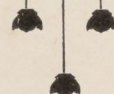
FREDA DAHLMAN



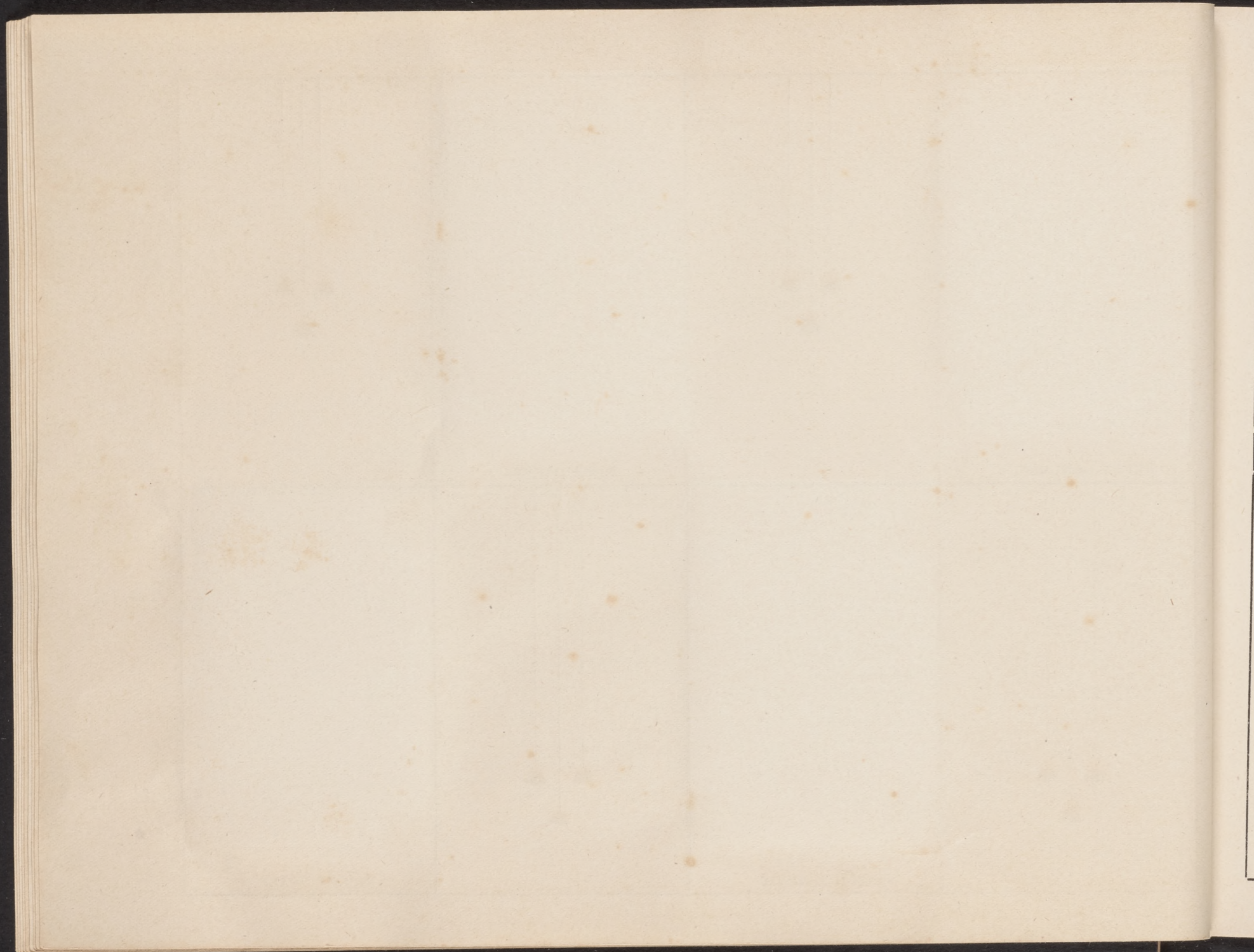
HEBE DYKES



WALTER MURPHY



SIDNEY NEALL





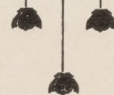
BESSIE MILLINGTON



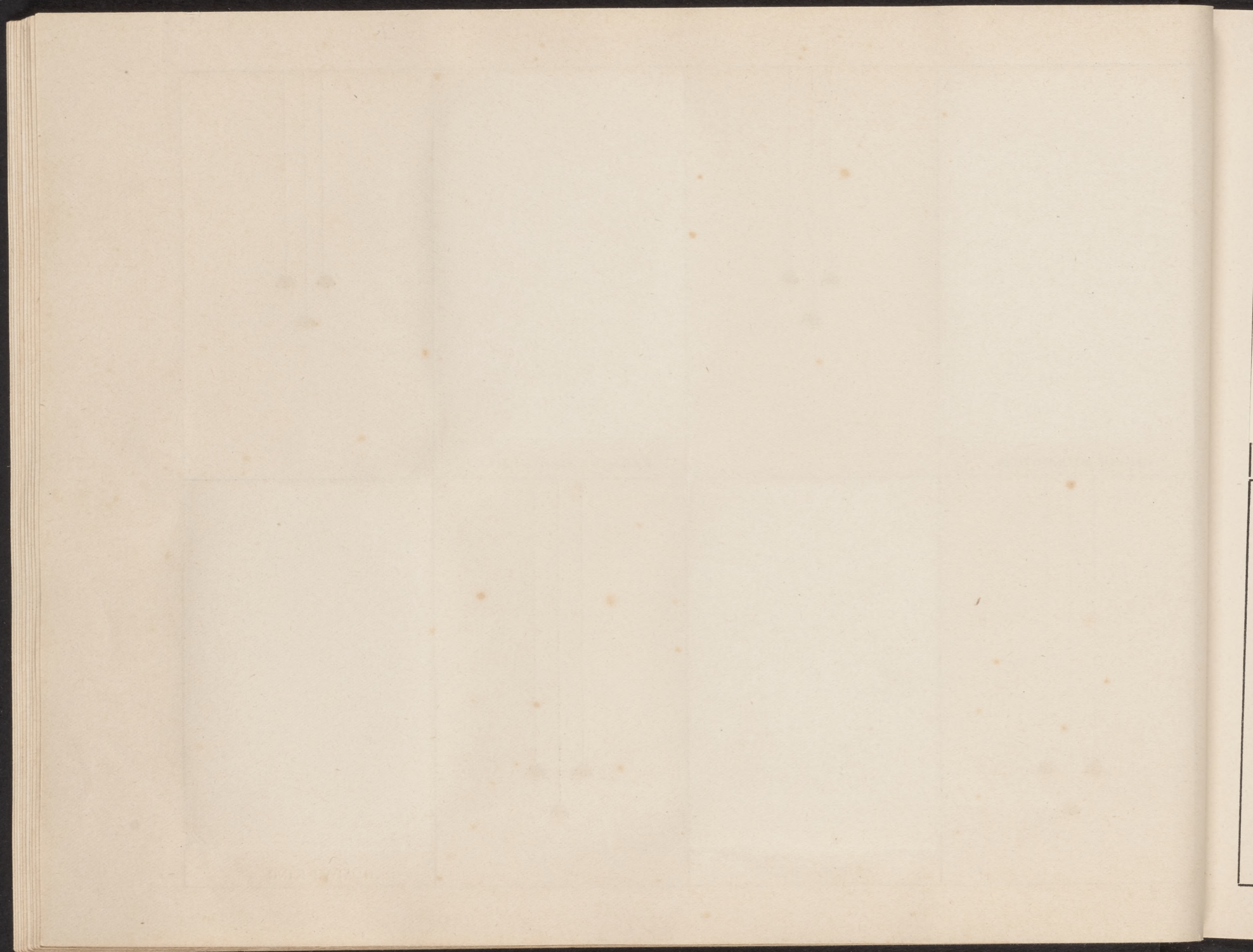
BERNARD GROVERMAN



DICKSON BROWN



GLADYS KING





THERESA BLIM



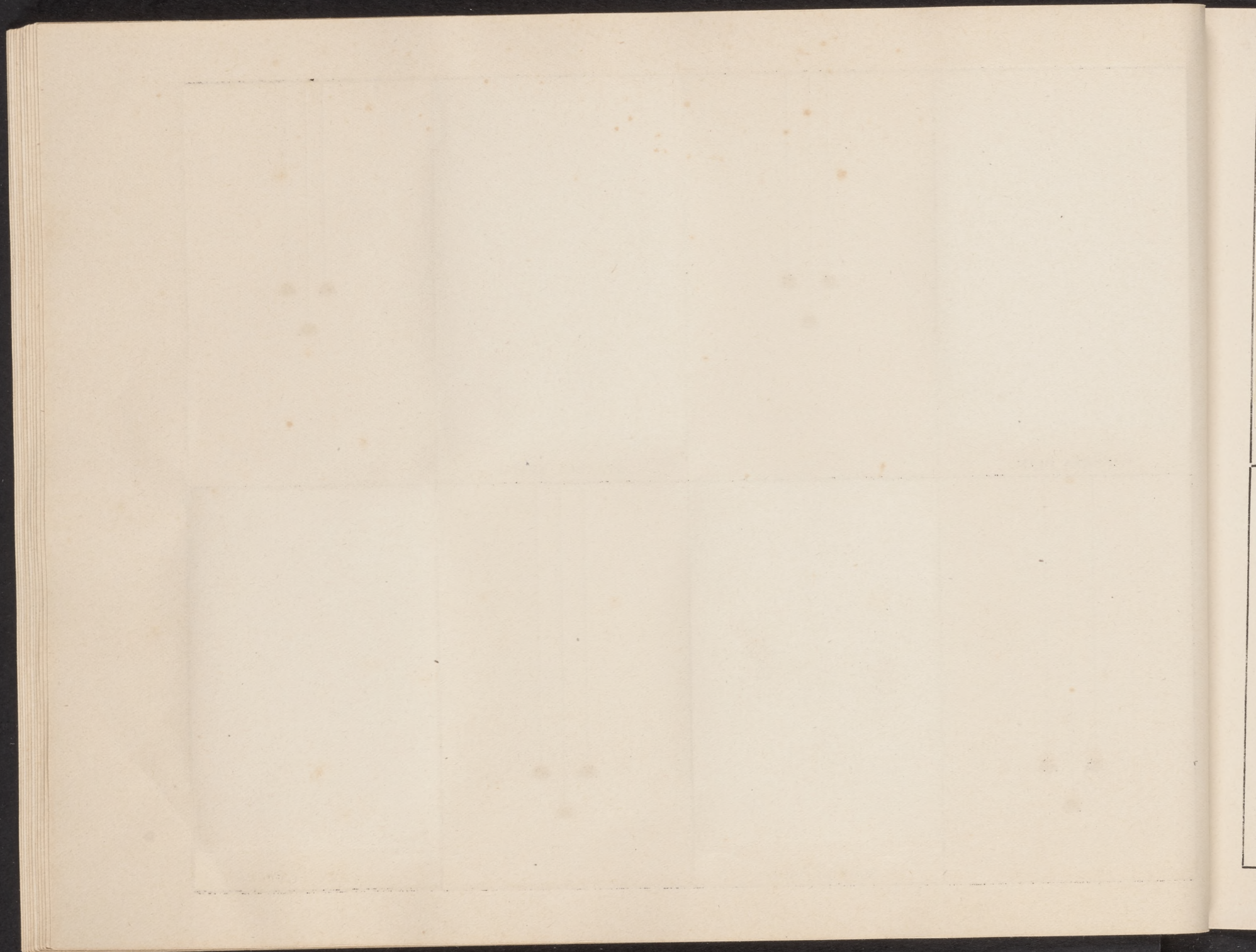
STANLEY SMITH



PARKER HALL



HELEN MOTT





EDNA BEHRENS



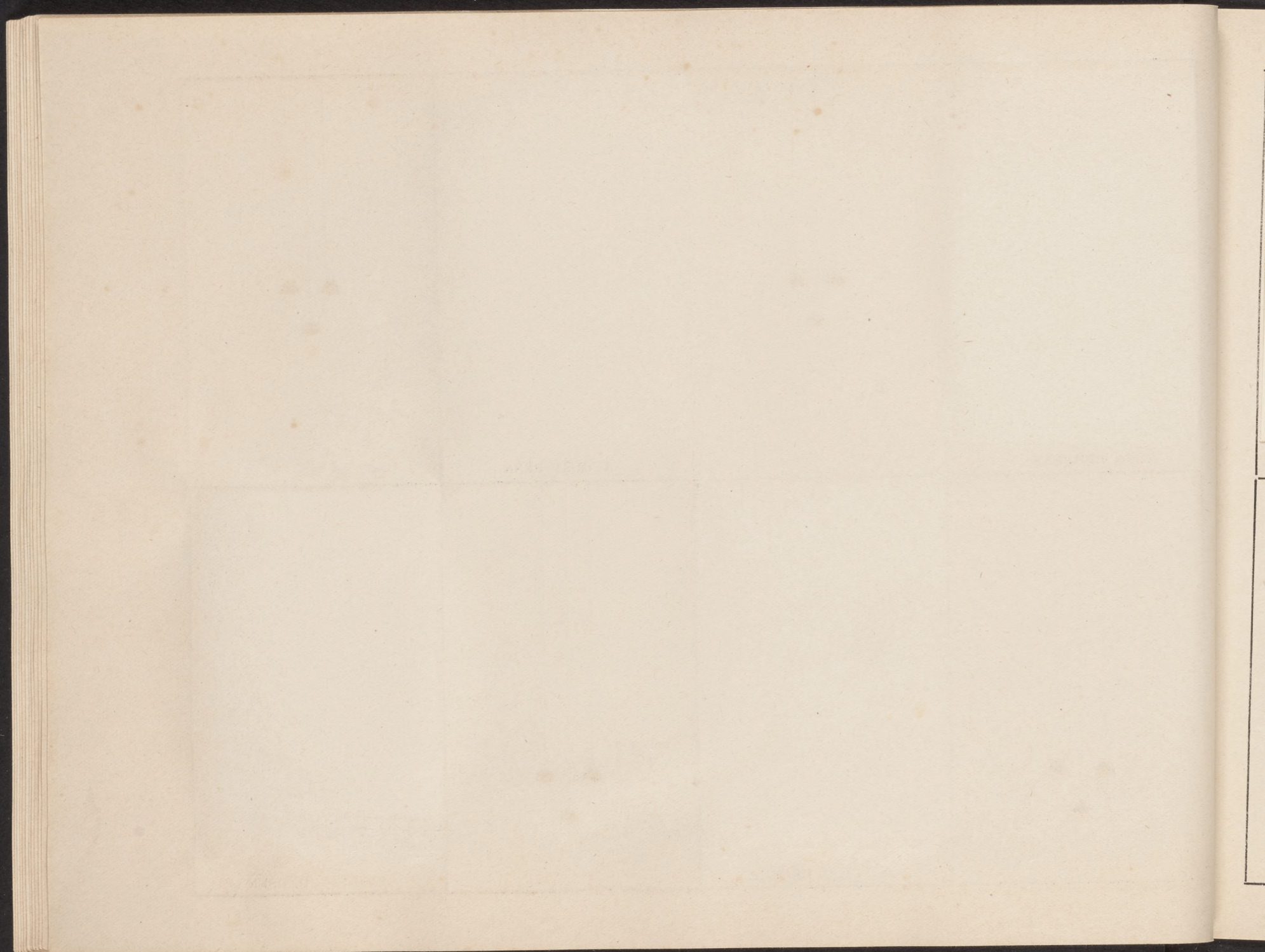
AUGUST PENN



PERCIVAL WHEELER

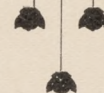


EMILY TRONDSEN

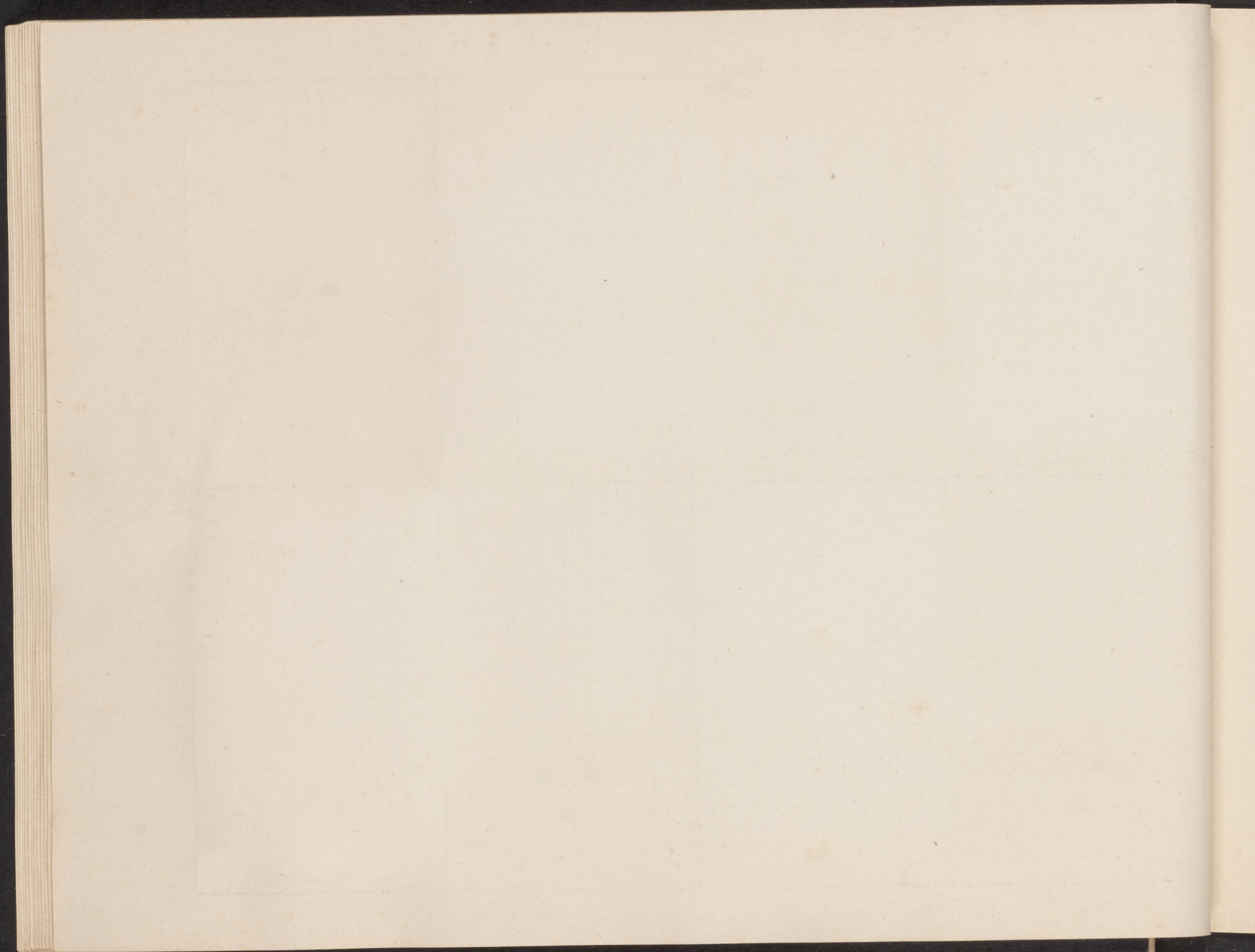




ERWIN TOMPKINS



JARED SCUDDER



DAILY FORECRY

PETALUMA, CAL., JUNE 10, 1919.

Dykes Breaks World's Record---Jumps 6 ft. 9 in.

Stanford University, June 9. Hebe Dykes, graduate of the Petaluma High School, was today the record-breaker in the high jump at the meet held between California and Stanford. Mr. Dykes jumped 6 ft. 9 in. breaking the previous record made by Johnny Jumpup. Since his great success Mr. Dykes has decided to take part in the next Olympic meet, to be held in Rotterdam, N. J.

Opens New Home

Mr. Homer Green has lately

completed his beautiful home a few miles from town. It has all the elegance and refinement of an English country mansion, and Mr. Green makes an agreeable host. He has lately employed Erwin Tompkins as butler, which pompous individual disports himself in a dignified manner and never fails to be on time.

Elopement Causes Great Excitement

The many friends of Miss Sidney Neall, a local school teacher, and Bernard Groverman, a prosperous farmer, will be startled by the report that they both disappeared this morning. It was later learned

Accident On Main Street

A local society belle, Miss Helen Olmsted, while driving her automobile, lost control of the car and overturned the popcorn stand on lower Main street, owned by Walter Murphy. The stand was completely wrecked and the machine was slightly damaged. Miss Olmsted paid the amount of damages stated by Mr. Murphy, thus avoiding a suit, which the latter would undoubtedly had brought into court.

that they left on the 7:18 train, secured their marriage license in San Rafael and were joined in the holy bonds of matrimony by the Rev. Harold Boyer.

New Addition to The School Library

Miss M. Menchen, who has just completed a course in Domestic Science at Pratt Institute, Brooklyn, has written a book entitled "Cooking for Two." Five hundred copies have been published by the Penn & Co., publishers, of which August Penn is the president and manager. The author thoughtfully sent a copy to our high school to be placed in the school library.

Case to Be Heard Soon

Mr. Ray Skilling, the rising young barrister of San Francisco, is counsel for the plaintiff in the most illustrious lawsuit ever brought before the courts. Mr. Skilling, whose client is Miss Helen Mott, has before him the task of proving that Mr. Stan Smith, defendant, really causes all his tennis balls

to land on Miss Mott's garden, thereby destroying what Miss Mott spends so much time in trying to keep perfect. Mr. Smith is a champion tennis player and it is peculiar that the balls should take to wandering so much. Mr. Smith claims it's all in the game, but Miss Mott, who takes much pride in her garden, will fight to a finish for her rights.

Good Bill at Mystic

The show at the Mystic last night was especially good. The principal attraction, however, was saved until the last, when Gladys King and Bessie Milington gave a wonderful performance. The wonders of the circus side show are not to be compared with them. They had sword swallowing contests, fire-eating races, and other feats equally remarkable. A large number of local people attended, as they were glad to welcome their old friends on the stage.

To Open Dancing School Here

Miss Martina Camm, the noted dancer, has dropped her stage career and will reside here for the present. Later she intends opening a school of fancy dancing which will afford much pleasure for our younger set.

Art Display at Maze

The Maze window was decorated yesterday with the classic masterpiece, "December Night," fresh from the brush of Elzada Gross, who has lately returned from Paris. The inspiration of the French galleries is making itself shown in a succession of charming nature studies, to which Miss Gross gives her entire time and study. Miss Gross will open a studio here, and it is expected that she will have many pupils.

Local Women Gain Distinction

News was received this morning by the family and relatives of Miss Emily Trondsen, who is now residing in Milpitas, that she had been appointed chief of police in that city. It will be of interest to some to know that a number of her old school chums are now police women in different cities. They are Louisa Helm, Edna Behrens and Freda Dahlman. They report that they are in splendid health and happy, and very expert in wielding their clubs.

Antartic Exposition Ends in Disaster

New York, June 9.—Word has been received that owing to a deficiency in their supply of gumdrops, Mr. P. Wheeler and J. Scudder, who started some

months ago for the South Pole, have perished at the hands of the natives. All went well while the gumdrops lasted, but when the smiles of the explorers were no longer flavored with that confection the natives grew hostile and treated themselves to Petaluma stew for Sunday dinner. Such is the fate of the noble.

ADVERTISEMENTS

MATRIMONIAL

Parties anxious to marry call or write. T. Blim.

Gentleman fond of walking wants to meet companion. P. Hall, Bloomfield.

Wanted—A wife. I am a young man, good looking, prosperous and intellectual. I own a cozy little bungalow three miles from town and have a pig, two chickens, a goat and two white mice. Apply E. M. L., Liberty Street.

CLAIRVOYANT

Call upon Jo. Camm. When others fail, she succeeds; satisfaction guaranteed.

Eat your next Sunday dinner at the Palace Cafe. Banquets, weddings and dinners given prompt attention upon short notice.

FRANK DE BORBA, Prop.

THE CIRCUS IS HERE

The Ringling Bros. circus is in town today. Make a visit to the side shows. Come and see something that you have never seen before and will never see again. Only living representative of Napoleon Bonaparte. The only one of its kind in captivity—none so Brown.

SALE ON SATURDAY

Fresh cabbages, extra large, only 10c.

Spinach, twice as much, only 5c.

Fine ripe bananas, 3 for 5c.

At the little red fruit store around the corner.

A. SCHMIDT.



Commercial Department

Commencement is here again! Another year's work has been completed. The graduating class is larger this year, consisting of six girls and two boys. It seems impossible to have more than two boys graduate from this department in one year.

The enrollment was not so large this year, there being only forty-six girls and twelve boys. There were more at the beginning of the term, but they did not remain long enough to get acquainted.

We still have our two teachers, Mr. Way and Miss Beauchamp. They have done their best to teach us how to be good business men and women. Mr. Way taught bookkeeping, law, geography, arithmetic, spelling and English, while Miss Beauchamp taught shorthand, arithmetic, English and typewriting.

A new Commercial Geography has taken the place of the old one, which has been used since the Commercial Department was started. It gives a more thorough idea of the commercial relations of the nations of the world.

A new book has also been added to the shorthand department called "Office Training for Stenographers." It is a good addition to this department as it gives an idea of how the work is done in an office. The shorthand class is very small this year, consisting of only four girls.

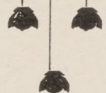
Mr. Way has been trying a new scheme this year in the typewriting department. He is trying to see if by having the pupils do their lessons on half sheets of paper it will help them to get their lessons more quickly. Sometimes a person does not make a mistake until the end of a lesson and then the whole lesson is lost. The plan works nicely and a better average is made by all the pupils.

Commercial Class of '14

Geometrical Class of 14



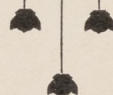
ENGRE KULBERG



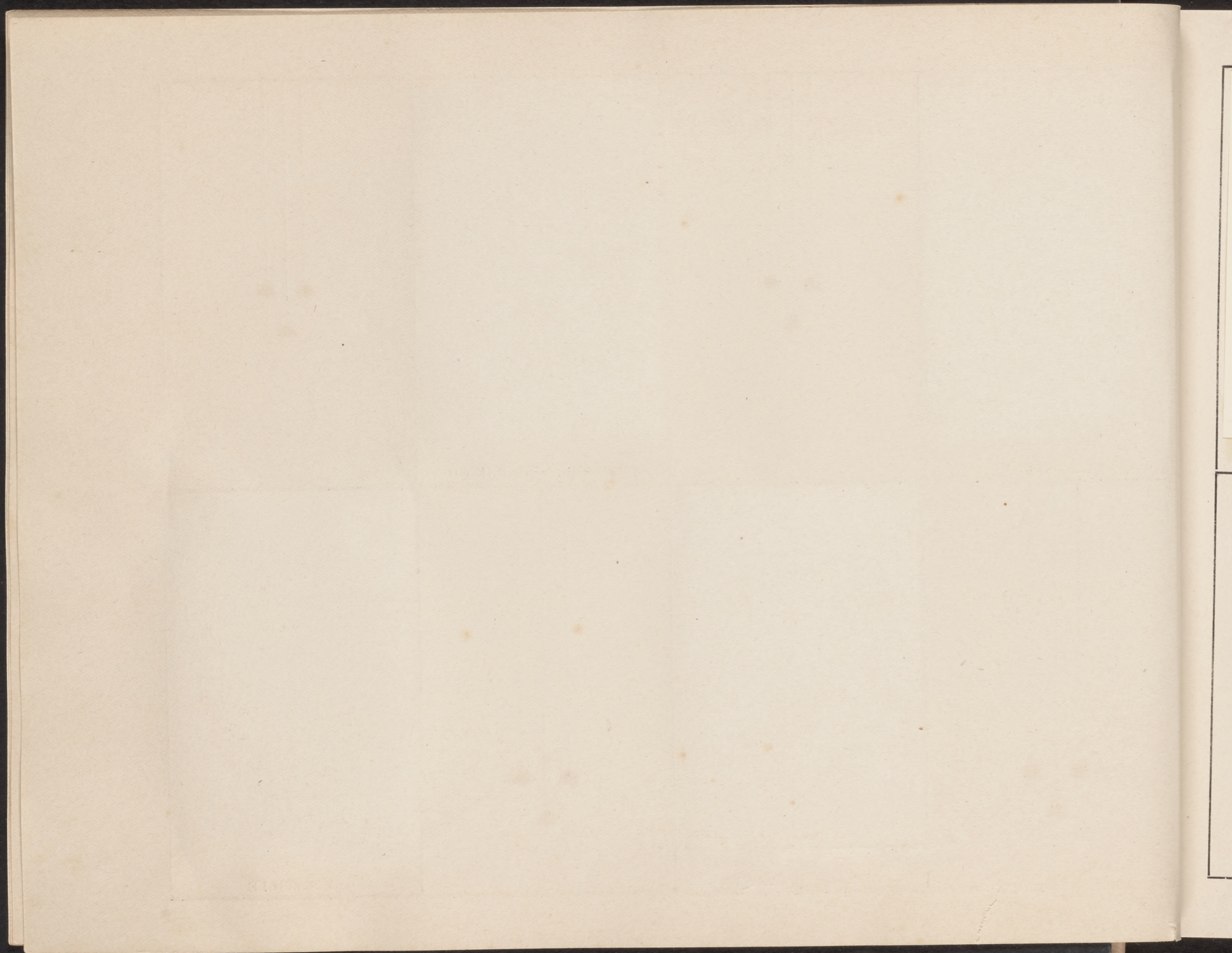
THEODORE SCHOENINGH



ELIZABETH MARTIN



FRIEDA WILLE

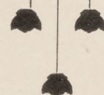




SARAH MARTIN



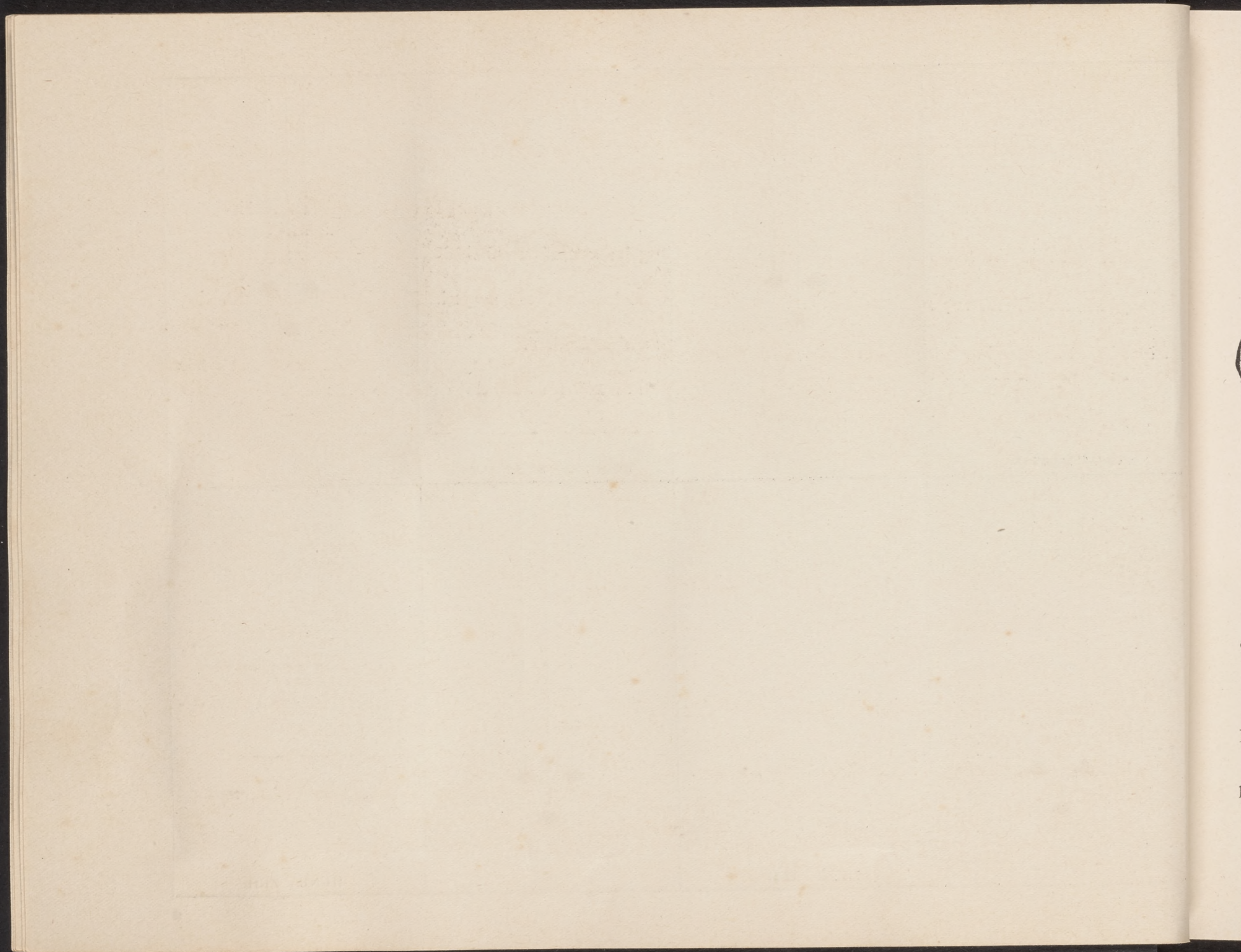
BERENICE ZUMWALT

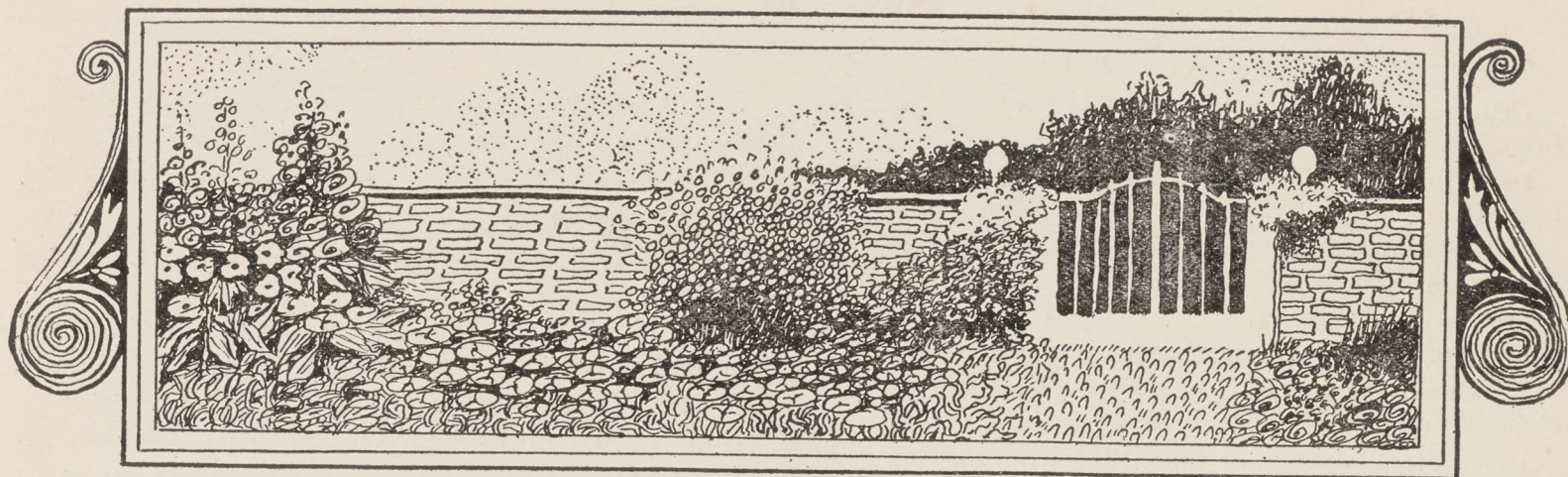


HILJA PALM



HENRY ZEH





Helen Mott

Alumni

Class of '11

Clifford Allen is taking the Electrical Engineering course at the University of California.

Ethyl Cannon is residing in San Francisco.

Irene Haran is training to become a nurse at St. Mary's Hospital in San Francisco.

Will Loftus is with the W. D. Thomas Electrical Company, Petaluma.

Mildred Herbert is residing in San Francisco.

Lillian Keller is studying music in San Francisco.

Percy Mills is taking the law course at the University of California.

Mary Connolly is attending the San Jose Normal.

Enid Dorroh is living at her home near Petaluma.

Class of '12

Genevieve Gallagher, class of June, 1914, from the San Francisco Normal.

Lena Bower, class of June, 1914, from the San Diego Normal.

Hall Weston is studying dentistry at the Affiliated Colleges, San Francisco.

Carlton Dorroh is filling a position with the Petaluma and Santa Rosa Railroad Company.

Kathleen Hall, class of June, 1914, from the San Francisco Normal.

Helen Stratton, class of June, 1914, from the San Francisco Normal.

Geraldine Booth is taking the Social Science course at the University of California.

Millicent Horwege is with the Petaluma Poultry Journal Company, Petaluma.

Herman Raymaker is with a moving picture company in the southern part of the state.

Leslie Thomas is residing at Middletown.

Lois Purvine is taking the Social Science course at the University of California.

Geraldine Hall, class of June, 1914, from the San Francisco Normal.

Loretta Gallagher is for the present remaining at her home in Petaluma.

Clarice Kennedy, class of June, 1914, from the Chico Normal.

Clara Dahlmann, class of June, 1914, from the San Francisco Normal.

Robert Adams is with the Great Western Power Company, Petaluma.

Tillie Oeltjen is the bookkeeper for Vonson Company, Petaluma.

Leola Pinger is attending the University of California.

Lois Comstock, class of June, 1914, from the San Francisco Normal.

Ruth Anderson is living at her home near Petaluma.

Flora Church, class of June, 1914, from the San Jose Normal.

Will Symons is residing at his home near Petaluma.

Jane Ryan, class of June, 1914, from the San Francisco Normal.

Lydia Allen, class of June, 1914, from the San Francisco Normal.

Marie Benjamin is attending the University of California.

Mabel Casarotti, class of June, 1914, from the San Jose Normal.

John Menary is residing near Petaluma.

Lynwood Hall, class of June, 1914, from the San Jose Normal.

Martha Saline, class of June, 1914, from the San Francisco Normal.

Class of '13

Velma Benson is studying music in Petaluma.

Frances Brown is taking the Social Science course at the University of California.

Alice Canevascini is attending the San Francisco Normal.

Charlotte Chamberlin is attending the San Francisco Normal.

Randolph Christie is taking the law course at the University of California.

Jack Cline is attending the Santa Rosa Business College.

Iva Doss is attending the San Francisco Normal.

Emily Filippini is remaining at her home in this city.

Ethel Hall is filling a position with Hamilton Farms Company, Petaluma.

Edna Kendall is living at her home in Manchester.

Sidney Hellmann is living at her home near Petaluma.

Genevieve Luff is taking the Social Science course at the University of California.

Harold Madison is filling position with the California Garage, Petaluma.

Clara Meeks is taking the Social Science course at the University of California.

Leoleon Millington is filling a position with W. J. Hickey.

Genevieve Mott is taking the Social Science Course at the University of California.

Raymond Murphy is with the American National Bank, San Francisco.

Marion Orr is studying music in Los Angeles.

Harold Peck is filling a position with the Golden Eagle Mill, Petaluma.

Alice Silva graduated from Heald's Business College, San Francisco.

Hattie Smith is residing at her home in Kern County.

Marie Tagliaferri is attending the San Francisco Normal.

Norma Van Marter is attending the San Francisco Normal.



H. DYKES, Editor.

Petaluma Boy Takes Matrimonial Leap--Almost

The new tennis court of the local high school was the scene of a very touching little drama during the early part of last week.

Arthur Pedersen, who is some tennis shark, was playing one of the Senior girls, whose name has been withheld by request, and, excepting the Ostrich scribe who is always on hand, they were the sole occupants of the court.

Pedersen's opponent whom we shall call Miss Kidney

Deal for convenience sake, won the first game without any trouble. In the second game Miss Deal was serving, but being unable to place the balls, she served eight "faults," Pedersen winning 50 to 0 or a "love" game.

Pedersen started to say "love" game, but in his excitement at winning he got it turned around and said "game love." Kidney, thinking that he was calling her endearing names, dropped her racquet and began to sing, "I'll

Get You," at the same time making tracks for "Pete." "Pete" turned seven colors and struck up that old favorite, "I Want to Be Down South in Dixie," while he ran like he was pursued by all the "fiends" and he never stopped running till he got home.

Miss Deal has sued him for \$13.13 damages for breach of promise and has obtained the service of the well known attorney, Guild Hall.

Redmen Hall will represent the defendant in the case.

Large Crowd at Commencement Exercises

The Hill Opera House was packed to the doors last night by a large crowd assembled to witness the com-



ONE OF THE TOUCHING
INCIDENTS OF THE
COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES

mencement exercises of the local high school. One of the largest classes in the history of the school received their diplomas, some because they were smart enough and others because the teachers got tired looking at them. One of the touching incidents of the evening was the recitation of the Ode, To My Teacher, by one of the graduates. We have the pleasure to publish it in full. It brought a flood of tears from the audience that almost drowned the orchestra.

The girls in their lovely gowns and the boys in their pajama-er-we mean nice blue suits, made a picture long to be remembered.

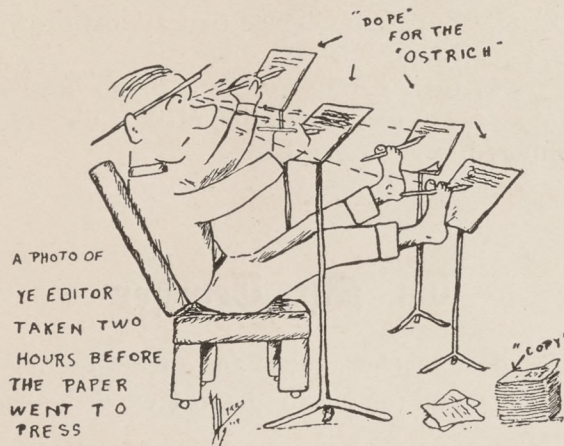
To My Teacher

Oh teacher, dear teacher, pause and shed a tear.
The time has come for me to go, so I won't be back next year.
Oh teacher, dear teacher, behold these streaming eyes.
I cut into an onion green and the juice it surely flies.
Oh teacher, dear teacher, such joy I cannot bear.
I am very pleased and glad you know
I know you are glad to see me go,
But some day when I'm president
And you're too poor to pay the rent.
I'll come and pay it, then I know
You'd hate mighty bad to see me go.

—Written and Delivered by a Boy Graduate.

As usual, a large number of Freshmen were sick after the reception. They did a little problem in geometry and circumscribed too much punch for their health.

P. Hall says "We have 'Cheese' and 'Soup' for Physics."



Editorial

Well, here we are again, smaller and worse than ever. Vacation is here and the time has come for the Seniors to beat it for good. We can hardly realize that when we go this time we go forever. (Sound of falling tears, splash, splash). No more deficiency checks and long letters telling of our misdeeds to take home. What a relief.

During the last two years the Ostrich has been a fixed part of the Enterprise and we hope it will be continued in the future.

We have nothing more to say. So-long everybody.

Running around our little school track
A runner spiked himself in the back.
He forgot to be cautious and lengthened his stride
So now in a hearse he is taking a ride.



Hebe's Advice to Beauty Seekers

Marjory: The excessive leanness you speak of I am inclined to think is caused by your eating too little. On rising drink a quart of milk and then take a walk for fifteen minutes. Rest for two hours and then take breakfast. For breakfast eat a large dish of mush, four hard boiled eggs, and a large piece of steak. Dinner should consist of the following: One large dish of fried onions, roast beef, boiled cabbage, four baked potatoes and three glasses of milk. For supper combine breakfast and dinner as given above. Rest six hours after every meal. On retiring drink two cups of coffee to insure a good night's sleep.

T. Binkley: In reply to your letter asking what you shall do to make your hair quit falling out I would suggest that a liberal application of glue (such as that used in the manual training room) would make it stick like a brother.

Elzada: I am sorry that I can give you no hints on the "tango," but I have a friend, Bernard Groverman, R. F. D. Corona, who gives a correspondence course in all kinds of fancy dancing and he can no doubt supply your wants.

Hilda: You say you have lost your appetite. Eat nothing for three days and you will find it has returned.

Paul: In your letter you state that your large ears spoil your good looks. Too bad. A good pair of shears ought to remedy the defect.

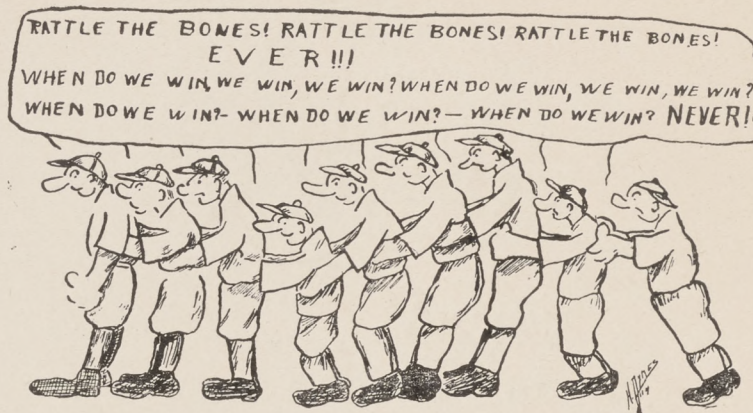
Prof. Smith: You say that attacks of insomnia have been keeping you from taking your nightly beauty sleep of late. On retiring read Ashly's Civil Government. A sure sleep producer.

FOR SALE—Ten acres of fine farming land, near Healdsburg.

PROF. W. O. S.

Those who are persistent always win out. Isn't that right, Marjorie? All dairymen to the front.

Prof. Binkley always does what he can to help out in athletics. We publish here a photo of one of his patents, The Runner's Friend, in use.



P. H. S. Baseball Team Giving Its Well Known Yell

Analy Defeats P. H. S. at Baseball

(By "Scoop" Shovel)

(Sebastopol, April 3.) Analy defeated Petaluma here today in a snappy game of baseball. The boys from P. H. S. made a great number of runs, but all except three of them were made chasing home runs knocked by the Gravenstein boys.

The majority of the Petaluma players might have just as well not gone to bat at all for all the good they did. They swung the bat as if it were an Indian club and managed to hit everything, except the pill and the umpire.

Although defeated the Petaluma boys were good losers and they never "crabbed."



I say my lessons on my knees
When I'm not catching high school flea s.

Track Team Back From Stanford Interscholastic

(Petaluma, April 12.) The track team left for the Stanford Interscholastic filled with hope and poached eggs. They returned filled with disappointment, grief and ice cream.

Before the meet they figured that they would gather in 11 points. They returned with 1 point. A mistake in decimals, that's all.

The chief trouble with our team was that the other fellow were too good for them.—"Tough Tidy."

But for a little hard luck we feel sure that Peloquin

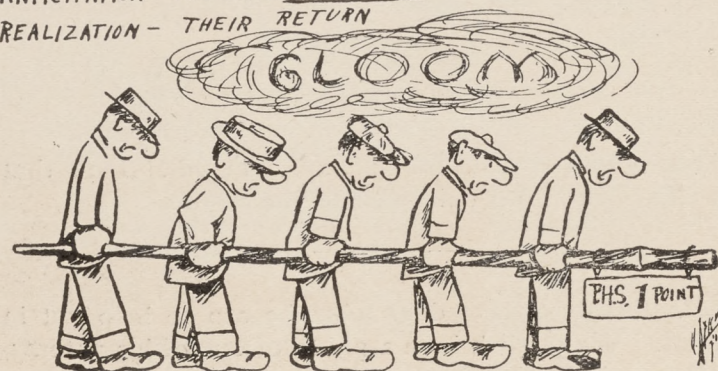
would have won the 220 yard dash. They didn't run it right for Peloquin. If, instead of stopping at the finish, they had turned around and ran back and finished where they started, we are confident that Peloquin would have had too much of a lead for the others to overcome.

It is not known just when the boys returned from the meet, as they made very little noise getting in.



ANTICIPATION - PHS. TRACK TEAM LEAVING FOR STANFORD INTERSCHOLASTIC

REALIZATION - THEIR RETURN



Petaluma Dark Horse Proves to Be of Another Color

(Berkeley, April 26.) Because Berry of Redlands, who was practically unknown, came through and defeated Beebe, champion high school miler of California, and in so doing set a new world's record, Scudder of Petaluma thought he could do the same. So, believing that he would prove the "dark horse" of the meet he entered the Pacific Coast Interscholastic at Berkeley.

Unfortunately all the timers died of old age before he finished, so we have no official record of his time.

Scudder had to stop to get a shave every three days, so this was a great drawback, of course, and this was, no doubt, one of the things that kept him from making a record.

To me vacation is always dear
For then I know no teacher's near.

BEAUTY UNADORNED



Townsmen: I hear some fellow gave an illustrated lecture on art up at the school the other day. How was he? Did he talk in detail or did he leave anything out?

Soph: Yes!

Townsmen: What was it?

Soph: Clothes!





Athletics

Petaluma High School has had a particularly successful year in athletics. This has been due not only to the efforts of the students in general, but to the unanimous support of the Faculty as a whole. Mr. Smith, Mr. Way and particularly Mr. Binkley have assisted the teams in many ways. Everybody feels encouraged over the fine showing of the various teams.

TRACK.

The track team has had a successful season. The boys have trained hard under the direction of Mr. Binkley and have shown improved form in their work. Following are some of the events participated in and their results:

Stanford Meet	1 point
California Meet	4 points
Ukiah Meet	23 1-2 points

In all these events Petaluma has competed against larger and heavier teams. Dykes and Skilling have done particularly good work in the high jump and distance running, respectively.

BASEBALL.

Petaluma High School has not been as successful in baseball as in other activities this year. Little interest was shown in baseball, but the team put up several good exhibitions of the national game. Parker Hall was elected Captain and Arthur Kercheval Manager.

The following are the results of games played:

Santa Rosa....	6	Petaluma....	4
Analy	11	Petaluma....	4
Analy	7	Petaluma....	6

The baseball team has fought against great odds in having no suitable place to practice. The team was forced to practice at the Grammar School grounds or take the long walk over to Kenilworth Park.

BASKET BALL.

Basket ball has been particularly successful in Petaluma High School this year. Hebe Dykes was appointed manager of the team, while Homer Green was captain. All of the games were decidedly interesting and kept the spectators in a high state of excitement.

The boys practiced hard and took great interest in their work. Most of the practicing was done in the new court on the school yard and the results prove that if we had a new High School with a suitable athletic field our work in all branches of athletics would improve considerably.

All of the games played were against crack teams and the local students may well be proud of their teams.

The girls also played well and the games in which they took part were decidedly interesting. Martha Wessels was Captain and Ruth Stayner was Manager of the team.

Following are the results of the games played by the boy's team:

Petaluma.....14	Healdsburg ...11
Petaluma.....32	Sonoma17

This game with Healdsburg was for the championship of the S. N. S. C. A. L. The results of the girls' games are as follows:

Petaluma.....19	San Rafael....12
Petaluma.....18	St. Helena.....20

TENNIS.

Tennis is the latest athletic activity participated in by the students of the High School.

The new court has proved exceedingly popular and is seldom idle.

A strong tennis team has been formed, captained and managed by Homer Green. The team has made a wonderful showing considering the short time in which it has been organized.

They have played a number of games with the neighboring schools and have won many of them.

The Greatest Interscholastic Mile That Has Ever Been Run

At the last Stanford Interscholastic, one of the greatest high school meets ever held in this country, two young fellows sat in the training house and talked. The mile run was scheduled to take place in twenty minutes and the runners were just getting into their suits.

"Who is that tall fellow over there?" asked the younger of the two boys.

"That is Beebe Anaheim, champion high school miler of California. He will win the race easy today," replied his companion.

"How about Chapman?"

"Oh, Chapman is a good runner all right, but he won't have a chance with Beebe. There's not a high school

runner on the coast that can come anywhere near him."

Just then came the last call for the mile and the two boys stepped out to watch the race. They were followed by a tall curly headed fellow, who had been standing next to them as he donned his track suit and who had been a silent listener to their conversation. He looked at them as they passed out and something like a smile played on his face. It, however, soon grew grave and his mouth settled into firm lines as he walked over to the start.

Inside of five minutes the name of this youth, who was then practically unknown, was on every tongue in that vast crowd assembled to witness the meet.

The Stanford track is four hundred forty yards around

and four laps make a mile. The men lined up at the start, the starter gave the signal and they were off.

Berry, the stranger of the training house, at once took the lead and set a terrific pace. He was closely followed by Hollister, Beebe and Chapman. These four soon outdistanced the rest of the field and took the race to themselves. At the end of the first lap Hollister commenced to sprint and passed Berry, but he held the lead for only about fifty yards, Berry again let out a burst of speed and he and Hollister ran the next lap neck and neck. The crowd thought that these two men were foolish and would soon drop out. At the beginning of the third lap, Beebe, who had been running easily some sixty yards in the rear, began to creep up on the leaders and he soon passed Chapman, who was running third. He seemed unable to advance further on Berry and Hollister, though, for they were setting a killing pace. At the last of this lap Hollister dropped back. When the gun was fired announcing the beginning of the fourth and final lap, Beebe passed the tiring Hollister and set out after the flying Berry. The champion saw at last that he was up against a wonderful runner and would have to exert himself to the utmost to win.

The vast crowd in the bleachers rose as one man to watch the final struggle. They realized that a world's record was in the making.

On the off side the track, directly opposite the bleachers and about three hundred yards from the tape, the

champion caught up with Berry and in the next sixty yards bend on the home stretch and Berry again caught Beebe, the crowd gave a yell, and as they ran neck and neck the throng on the bleachers wildly cheered, some for the champion's downfall, some for his rival's. Down the last hundred yards they came, running side by side and stride for stride, while the crowd yelled like mad. Fifty yards from the finish, twenty-five yards, ten yards, they were still even. On they came, their faces set, their muscles drawn and the noise of the crowd drowned by the surging of blood through their brains.

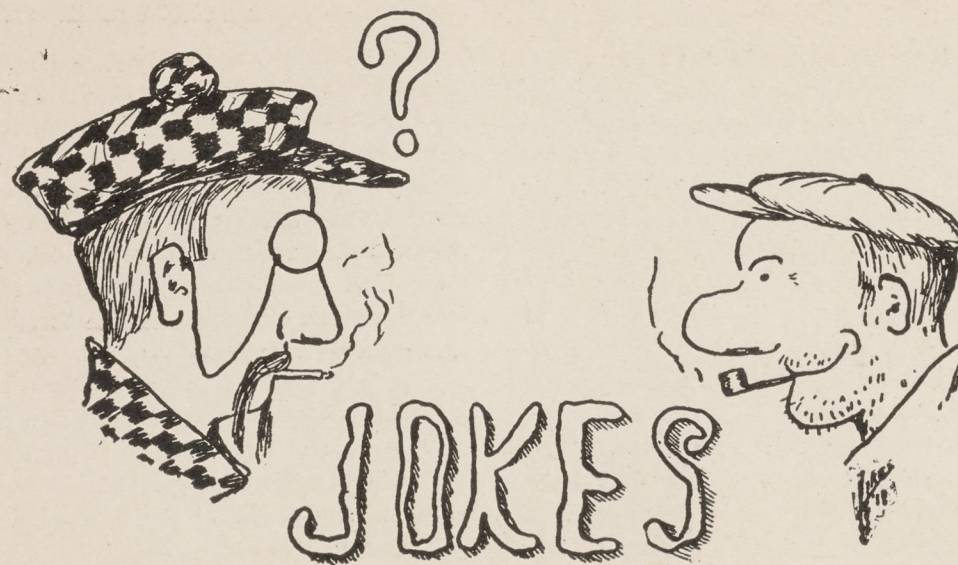
The strain was too great, one of them must give in. In the last stride they weakened and collapsed, Beebe falling took a lead of two yards. When the runner rounded the backward, Berry staggering forward and breaking the tape about a foot ahead of the former champion.

Such was the beginning and end of the greatest mile ever run by high school runners. Their time, for they made practically the same time, although Berry will be credited with the record, stands as a new world's interscholastic record, four minutes twenty-six and two-fifths seconds.

Although his defeat hurt him more than any one will ever know, Beebe was among the first to congratulate the victor and express the wish that they meet again.

Such is the spirit that makes track athletics what it is today and with such a spirit any man will make a success, not only in school, but in life.

HEBE DYKES.



Though they affirm a deadly germ
Lurks in the sweetest kiss,
Let's hope the day is far away
Of antiseptic bliss;
To sterilize a lady's sighs
Is certainly outrageous.
I'd much prefer to humor her
And let her be contagious.

—"Phil."

Freshman: "What kind of a fellow is Brown?"
Magetti: "I don't care to say. I'm afraid of his."

To start things coming your way, go after them.

Pat had just arrived in America and was standing in front of the New York court house admiring its grandeur when a lawyer from an upstairs window shouted, "Hello, Pat, did you think this was a church?"

"Faith and Oi did till Oi saw the divil poke his head out of the window," replied Pat.

Miss Prutzman: "Jessie, you must not move your seat."

Jessie D. (innocently): "I didn't; I left it right where it was."

Mr. Binkley: "Everett can you tell me what steam is?"

E. Linoberg: "Sure; it's water crazy with the heat."

NO GAME LAWS.

Miss Prutzman: "Cupid is always represented as carrying a bow and arrow."

Sidney Neall: "Yes, and unfortunately there are no game laws to protect people from his careless markmanship."

There was a young fellow named Byce,
Who was terrified strangely by mice,
If he knew one was there
He would stand on a chair
And shout, "Come and rescue me, Stice."

It was children's day, and the proud father of a growing family led his assorted offsprings up the aisle and to the baptismal font to have a long neglected ceremony performed. "Aha!" said the clergyman, rubbing his hands in delight, "a fine family, sir, and what will be their names?" The proud father drew a big breath and began: "Clarence Wood Burst, Helen May Burst, Frederic Otto Burst, Oscar Will Burst and Mary Kant Burst." While the clergyman was fanning for air, the patter of rain was heard on the church roof. "I think, sir," replied the former, "we are going to have a cloudburst."

"Hi, gimme a handful of waste!" I howled,
(I was under the auto grease it)
But Bill had an armful of waist in the car,
And wasn't disposed to release it. —"Phil."

Edith G. (At a freshman reception): "Oh, Ray, I could dance to heaven with you."

Ray S.: "And can you reverse?"

A SCHOOL OF BEAUTY.

Mr. Arklin was making the introduction of his afternoon speech when he said, "The faces before me are so full of sunshine I can't see how it is the teachers can keep from being sun struck." During his talk he needed some assistance to which Bernard nobly responded. When the latter was about to sit down Mr. Arklin said to the school as he glanced at Groverman's rosy cheeks, "I thank this beautiful young man for his assistance." (Applause.) It is needless to say that all the boys attended the afternoon lecture to be of any assistance possible.

"Hello! Werdidjucumfrum?"

"Uptown."

"Whassatchugot?"

"Sportindishun."

"Lemmeseeut!"

"Hav'ngotttime; gottago."

"Auto go?"

"Naw! gottago."

"Smatter?"

"Gottacatchatrainfurthecity."

"Well, goodbye."

"Slong."

Freshie: "May I pull down the shade?"

Teacher: "No, sir."

Freshie: "But the sun shines in my eyes."

Teacher: "Well, the sun is good for green things."

All the world looks down on a man in a hole.

T. Blim (in music): "The church music in England was affected by the rain (reign)."

A Toast by the Domestic Science Girls.

"Let us eat, drink and be merry,
And with never a thought of the gout,
Let's forget every sorrow today,
For tomorrow we'll have indigestion, no doubt."

Jared S.: "The rich live by robbing the poor."

Austin S.: "Well, it's a mystery where the poor get all the money they are robbed of."

Josephine Camm (teaching Sunday school): "Now, how do you suppose Noah spent the time in the ark during the flood?"

"Prayin'," suggested Willie.

"Fishin'," ventured Dick.

"Humph!" grunted Willie, contemptuously, "Twould be fine fishin' wid only two worms, wouldn't it?"

A boy sat on a fence enclosing a cornfield. A city chap, passing by said, "Your corn looks kind of yellow, bub."

"Yep, that's the kind we planted."

"It don't look like you will get more than a half a crop."

"Nope; we don't expect to. The landlord gets the other half."

The stranger hesitated a moment and then ventured: "You are not very far from a fool, are you, my boy?"

"Nope; not more'n ten feet," said the boy, and the city chap moved on.—Ex.

Stanley Smith: "What is the easiest way to drive a nail without smashing my fingers?"

Ray S.: "Hold the hammer in both hands."

MODEST GWYNETH.

The camel has nine stomachs

I heard it at the zoo,

Now wouldn't I be happy

If I had only two.

Ah, yes, I'd brim with gladness

And call my life a dream

With one for just roast turkey

And one for just ice cream.

Schmidt: "Why, that's plan, it's worth more."

as ever. I was never allowed to play with the children at

Emily: "I was so confused that I do not remember how many times he kissed me."

Mattie: "What! With the thing going on right under your nose?"

Miss Prutzman was trying to picture the outcome of laziness and idleness. She drew a terrible picture of the habitual loafer, the man who hates work, and his ultimate fate. She saw that Paul Sales had been looking out of the window and that his mind was far from the lesson and what she was saying, so she said, "Paul, tell me who is the wretched, miserable individual who gets clothes, food and lodging and gives nothing in return?"

"Oh!" he replied, "it's the baby."

"All that I hear is feet, all day long. I would hate to have a school of centipeds."—Mr. Smith.

Miss Prutzman: "Jo, is that a child's cap?"

Josephine C.: "Yes, it's Martina's."

SPECIAL NOTICE.

The Spoon Factory formerly conducted by Paul Sales in the drawing room, has been removed to the Mystic Theater under the right hand side of the balcony. For further information see Dick Brown.

79062—Oh! Yes, there is a corduroy road on the way to Novato.

Mr. Binkley was going by the High School steps with a mitt and baseball. "Oh! Mr. Binkley," yelled Dora J. "Do you think you can make the girls team?"

Miss Polland: "Use a sentence containing the word neuter."

Cal Brown: "When the girl awoke everything was neuter."

There is a young lady named Gwyn,
Who causes a terrible din;
But when in our class
She's a meek little lass
And always raises her fin.

"May I marry your daughter?" Sir Percival cried
To her father who stood by the aeroplane's side.
But to never a word did the boulder give vent
Just cranked up his motor and gave his ascent.

—"Phil."

Wonders will never cease. Groverman has his mouth closed for once. This is a fact. See his picture in the Enterprise.

TURNED DOWN.

Helen M.: "Say, August, I want you to change my name."

A. Penn: (Who has been taking down names for cards): "I can't do it. I'm no minister of the gospel."

Elwood B.: "An Australian has obtained a United States patent for a process for transplanting living hair on bald heads."

Mr. Binkley: "I'm glad to hear that!"

HIS CONTRIBUTION.

Hebe D.: "Are you doing anything to relieve the sufferings of your neighbors?"

E. Linoberg: "Yes, I've just sold my phonograph."

The boy stood on the burning deck,
I always wondered why;
Till I happened to think it was better to stand
Than to sit right down and fry.

The boy stood on the burning deck,
Relief ships blew their horns;
Alas he could not move, because
The heat had popped his corns.

—"Phil."

Hebe: "Do you call this steak fit for a Christian to eat?"

Waiter: "We hain't anxious about de religion of our customers, boy."

Wanted—A few reliable nurses to take charge of Dick Brown's nursery. Apply at 12:45 P. M. Study Hall.

Fat Boyer: "Say Schmidt, do you know why it costs more to get a divorce than it does to get married?"

Schmidt: "Why, that's plain; it's worth more."

Mary had a little lamb
She fed it kerosene;
One day it got too near the fire
Since then its not benzine.—Ex.

Hebe D.: "All girls admire heroes, don't they Skilling?"
Ray S.: "Sure, that's why they all crowd at churches when there's a wedding."

T. Haskell: "Say, Bowles, do all nuts grow on trees?"
Morses B.: "Certainly, you idiot."
T. Haskell: "Tee, hee! I was just thinking how you would look hanging on a limb."

Hebe D. (At Santa Rosa): "Two years ago I dined here and being unable to pay, you kicked me out."

Waiter: "Very sorry, my boy. But business, you know-er."

H. D.: "Oh that's all right, old chap-but-might I trouble you again?"

A ship without a rudder,
An oyster without a pearl,
But the strangest thing I ever saw
Was Thurlow without a girl.

He: "Generally speaking women are—"
She: "Are what?"
He: "Generally speaking."

HIS VIEW OF IT.

Chinaman: "You tellee me where railroad depot?"

Harold S.: "Smatter John? Lost?"

Chinaman: "No, me here. Depot lost."

Homer G.: "I think Jo McGovern is the nicest dancer. She is so easy on her feet."

Paul S.: "Humph! She may be easy on her feet, but she was hard on mine."

Otto T.: "What have you there in your hand?"

Eric T.: "Fly paper."

Otto T.: "Quit your kidding. I know they can't read."

P. Hall: "Come on Dick, let's go to the Arcade."

Dick B.: "Naw! I can't sleep on a full stomach."

P. Hall: "Oh, that's all right, you can sleep on your back, can't you?"

There was a young fellow named Bruce,
One day his cow got loose,
He chased her around till he fell on the ground,
And said, "You can go to the deuce."

He: "Why does an actor, to portray deep emotion, clutch at his head, and an actress at her heart?"

She: "Each feels it most in the weakest point."

Martina C.: "When is Raisin Day?"

Edna B.: "When we go up."

Wanted—Some place to put my feet. August Penn.

Miss Woodman (In History 3A): "Most all of the pupils go to school to get out of work."

T. B.: "My you are well up on the subject."

Miss W.: "Yes, I know all about it."

T. B.: "That's right, you graduated from college."

Mr. Smith: "Where was the Declaration of Independence signed?"

T. B. (in an undertone): "At the bottom I guess."

Like the Bridal Falls of Yosemite,
The soup flowed on his plate
The soup flowed on his plate.
He didn't tip the waiter,
So the waiter tipped the plate. —"Phil."

The Difference Between Life and Love.

Life is one darned thing after another. Love is two darned things—one after the other.

While out in the woods, Johnny Platt
Threw a rock at a black and white cat;
But pussy resented
And Johnny repented,
And buried his clothes in a vat. —"Phil."

Druggist: "Did you kill the moths with the moth balls I recommended?"

Everett L.: "No, I didn't! I sat up all night and didn't hit a single moth."

Join the Anti-Smoking Club. Apply D Brown, Chief Puffer.

The editor looked up just as Ray S. opened the door cautiously and took one swift glance about the room.

"Is this the editorial rinktum?"

"The what?"

"Is this the rinktum or sanctum, or some such place where the editors live?"

"This is the editorial room. Come in."

"No, I guess I won't come in. I just wanted to see what a rinktum was like. Looks like our garret, only wuss."

There was a young lady named Bolz,
Who in history favored Poles,
Because, as she said,
There Hoffmann was bred
Whose music is magic to souls!

Stella F.: "Say, Jo, bite me off a piece of that apple."

Josephine McGovern: "No, you bite it off yourself. My mouth's three times as big as yours."

How can you make ice water without ice?
Peel an onion and your eyes water.

Marjorie B.: "Say, Martha, isn't it funny that sugar is the only word spelled with 'su' and pronounced 'sh'?"

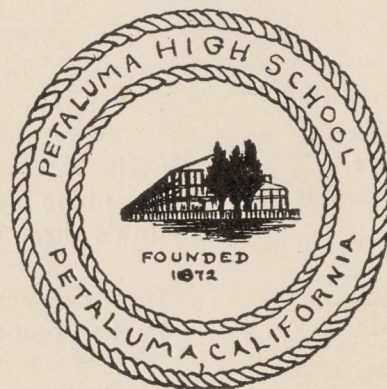
Martha W.: "Sure."

Mr. Smith (In U. S. History): "Who will take this subject, Chicago Park?"

H. Boyer: "I will."

Mr. Smith: "I take it for granted that you are well informed."

A. Schmidt: "Yes, Fat lived in the stock yards."



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Who played in her father's hay loft,
She got stung by a bee,
And quickly did flee
To the handiest watering trough.

There was a young chap named Maggetti;
When the table for dinner was set, he
Could devour with great ease
Macaroni and cheese
But his favorite dish was spaghetti.

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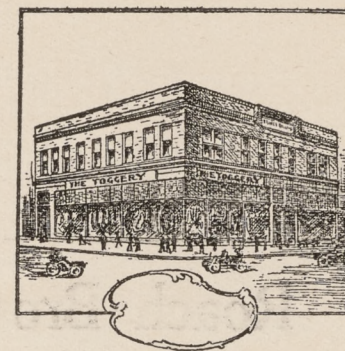
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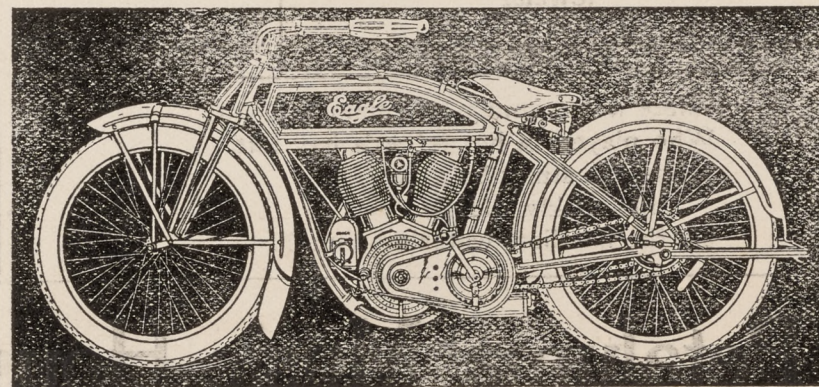


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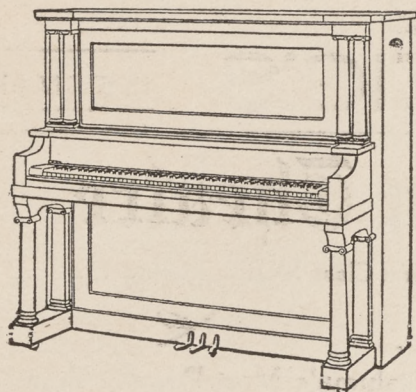


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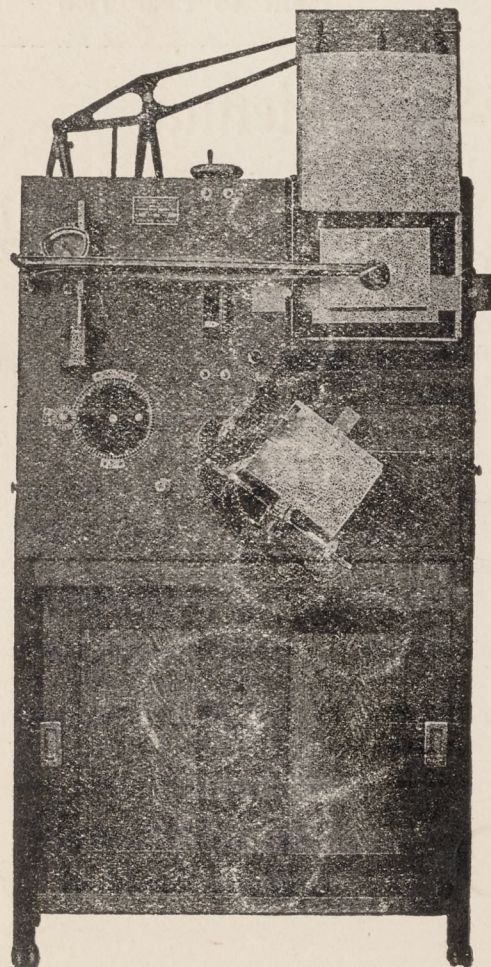
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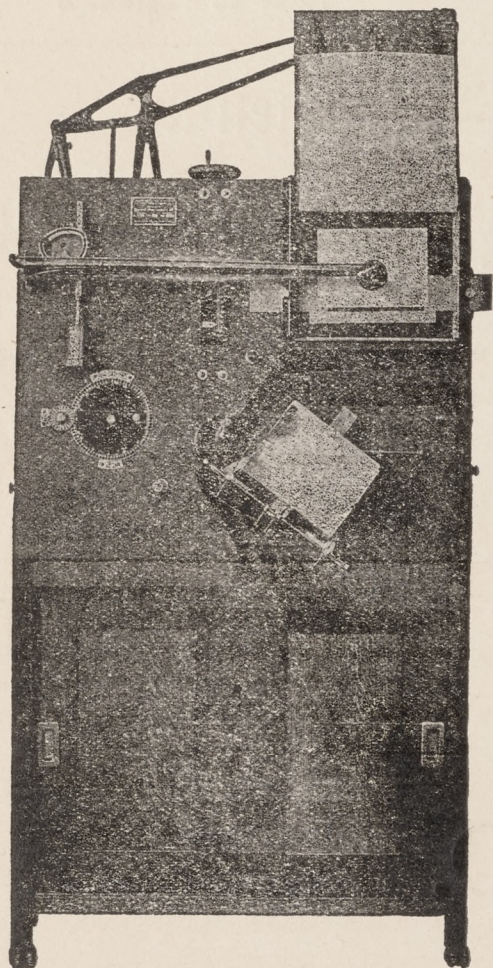
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A hot grounder came
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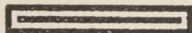
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B. Groverman: "Why don't you join the Glee Club, Peloquin?"

T. Peloquin: "Oh, I don't care to; I belonged to a choir once, but I didn't stay there long."

Groverman: "How long did you stay?"

Peloquin: "Until they found out what was the matter with the choir."

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Phone 194 R

She: "I consider, John, that sheep are the stupidest creatures living."

He (absent-mindedly): "Yes, my lamb."

"Let's take a walk down petticoat lane."

"Where's that?"

"Near the outskirts."—(Ex.)

Phone 92-R

Bon Marche

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MAKES SUITS TO ORDER

Kleaning, Repairing, Pressing

Mr. Smith (in civil government): "Miss Gross, give us what you can about the California legislature."

Elzada (bluffing): "Well, there are two legislature bodies, the Senate is smaller than the Assembly because—it has fewer members."

My German, how can I leave thee,
Thou hast been so helpful to me.
My feelings I'll never hide
But I'll speak up with pride,
For "hell" and "damit" beat our "Gee."

GEARY PHARMACY

Phones: Store: 8 Res. 685

105 Main Street, Petaluma

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A. WILEN

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Petaluma

"How doth the tango, pretty lass?"
I asked the maid with shoulders bare;
"I use cold cream upon my neck,
And so no tan goes there." —"Phil."

Long-haired Poet (eagerly): "Have you seen my 'Descent into Hell?'"

Practical Publisher (wearily): "No. I should be delighted to see it."

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PETALUMA, CAL.

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We give needed systematic publicity to our City and surroundings.

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ELLA E. FISCHER, Secretary.

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